

DUFFY'S HIBERNIAN SIXPENNY MAGAZINE.

No. 26.

FEBRUARY.

1864.

WHO SENT IT?

CHAPTER I.—ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

ONCE on a time, when St. Valentine's Day was ushered in by pierced and bleeding hearts, naked cupids, armed with bows and arrows, true-lovers' knots, and sundry liliputian marriage symbols, there lived outside our busy metropolis, in a pretty suburban cottage, called Ivy Lodge, a brother and sister named Harrison, who dwelt in great happiness and peace. Mr. Alfred Harrison was young, handsome, and the proprietor of a good income; his sister, Miss Emma Harrison, was his senior by several years; both were orphans, and since the death of their parents, Emma lived with her brother, and managed well and prudently his domestic affairs. They were united by the closest bonds of affection, and both were esteemed and valued by a large circle of friends.

Although Miss Emma Harrison was what is termed *passée*, she was neither mopish nor selfish. She loved to have some friend younger and handsomer than herself staying with her in her pretty cottage; she had an humble opinion of her own charms, mental as well as personal, and she never wished her brother to be solely dependant on her for society and conversation. Besides, she loved young and gay girls, and, need we say, that Mr. Alfred Harrison resembled his sister in this respect.

Miss Harrison's most constant and intimate visitor was her cousin, Ellen Marsh. She was a belle—a fine-looking, splendidly made girl, with lively spirits and plenty to say. She made herself most agreeable to the Harrisons, and the Harrisons made themselves most agreeable to her. She dreamed of being Alfred's domestic manager one day or other; he, however, never dreamed any thing of the kind, for he had already, with his sister's fullest approbation, proposed for, and been accepted by a lovely and most amiable girl. Miss Marsh knew of his engagement, but she tossed her head, and sung to herself twenty times a day, "many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

On the 14th of February, 18——, the Harrisons and Miss Ellen Marsh, who was then staying with them, were enjoying the morning meal in the

cozy breakfast parlour of Ivy Lodge. Jokes and hot muffins passed from one to another, and the love-making birds who warbled in the garden outside, were not more happy than this little family party.

Suddenly Miss Marsh, who had caught a glimpse of the postman coming up the avenue which led to the house, exclaimed :—"Well, I never once thought of it 'till this moment—this is Valentine's Day!" and bounding out of the room, she met the postman at the door; never doubting but that politeness, if not love, would have prompted Alfred to remember her on that auspicious occasion—an occasion on which a man is privileged to write all he does *not* mean to a woman, without fearing an action for breach of promise.

Presently she returned to the breakfast-room, looking out of humour, and a little embarrassed. She held only one letter in her hand.

"Here, Emma, this is for you; I am sure you did not expect to get a valentine," said Miss Marsh.

"Blessed are they who expect not, they shall not be dissatisfied;" said Alfred, laughing at Ellen's seemingly crest-fallen expression.

"I do not know the hand-writing, but I am sure the letter is something more sensible than a valentine," said Emma Harrison, quietly opening the envelope of the mysterious missive.

A large embossed sheet of closely written paper was now disclosed; and in silence, and with evident annoyance, Miss Harrison read each line thereon inscribed. When she had finished the perusal of the valentine—for valentine it was, though not of a complimentary nature, she refolded it, placed it again in the envelope, and threw it contemptuously into the fire.

Alfred, whose quick and loving eye had been watching the pained expression of his sister's face for some time past, now started up, and before Emma could prevent him, snatched the singed letter from the embers, and was soon made aware of the cause of his sister's displeasure.

"Infamous, libelous, scurrilous!" he exclaimed, "you did not deserve this, Emma: you do not merit the character given of you in this vile production. Who could have sent it? who could have dared to have thus anonymously insulted you?"

"Some one who could employ his pen and his time to no better purpose, I suppose," answered she. "But you think too much of a matter which should be treated with contempt. The valentine has been sent, no doubt, as an apple of discord; do not let the writer be rewarded by succeeding in the plot! The peace of our home is too sacred to be intruded on by so miserable an attempt."

"May I have a peep at the production which causes so much annoyance?" said Ellen Marsh.

"Surely, Ellen," said Miss Harrison; "I did not care if it were printed for the amusement of the world."

Ellen smiled as she took the letter out of Alfred's hand. She scanned the writing, and without waiting to read it, said mischievously, "Well, I know who sent it—at least I know the writing."

"Whose is the writing?" asked Alfred, greatly excited.

"Oh, I would be exiled to Siberia, or to some other awfully cold region, if I mentioned the name," said Ellen.

"Who sent it?" demanded Alfred. "Out with the name; be candid."

"Then Jessie Wilson sent it—I know her writing," said Ellen, emphatically.

Emma Harrison uttered a faint exclamation, and lifted her eye-brows in astonishment.

Alfred, in his eagerness to vociferate some unpronounceable word, swallowed a large crust whole, and was almost choked.

Ellen Marsh took advantage of this state of affairs, to impress more fully on her hearers the truth of her assertion. "Call into my mother as you are passing to your office, Alfred," said she, "tell her to give you the manuscript music out of my port-folio; she knows where to find it. Among other things, it contains a song written out by Jessie Wilson; we can compare the writings for your sake, Emma, to satisfy you; as for me, I am only too sure of what I say."

Jessie Wilson, the lady to whom Miss Marsh referred, was no other than Alfred Harrison's betrothed. Hence the expression of astonishment and incredulity with which her name was received. She was a guileless, beautiful young creature; the Harrisons had not known her long, but they loved her dearly. Alfred adored her, and she returned his affection with all the ardour of a girl's first passion.

We should observe that Miss Marsh wished to call Alfred's attention to the manuscript music, because in copying such things Miss Wilson occasionally employed a condensed hand, like that of the valentine, differing considerably from her ordinary writing.

Alfred rose from the breakfast-table after a hastily-finished meal; paced the room, went into the hall for his hat and cane, and then absolutely returned to the breakfast parlour—into the presence of the ladies—with his hat on. He had never before committed such a breach of etiquette; the act bespoke the state of his mind. He walked towards Emma, using his cane in rather a flourishing manner, and said—"Emma, I feel sure that Jessie never penned this valentine now lying here," and he placed his hand on his breast coat-pocket. "With all respect to your penetration, Ellen," he continued turning to his cousin, "I think you may be, nay, I am sure, you are mistaken, when you so confidently attribute the unlady-like production received by my sister this morning, to the pen of Jessie Wilson. But let it be in months, or let it be in years to come, discover I shall *who sent this valentine*."

He kissed his sister on the forehead, said, "We'll meet at dinner," to Ellen, and went about his daily avocations.

CHAPTER II.

HOW JESSIE WILSON DID NOT BUY HER WEDDING-DRESS.

MISS HARRISON was a model of regularity; for every hour in the day she had a particular duty, and when any unforeseen circumstance intruded on

these duties she felt worried, anxious, and upset. Strange to say, on the morning of the 14th of February, 18—, she sat over the breakfast-table in Ivy Lodge, for a long time, in conversation with Ellen Marsh. The valentine in all its moods and tenses was discussed. Time flew by, and the hours usually devoted by Miss Harrison to mince pies and batter had vanished when that lady rung to have the cloth removed. It was late in the day when the cousins parted, one to repair lost time in the store-room, the other to go to town to make purchases.

Ellen Marsh walked briskly to the city, still singing to herself:—"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," and was soon in a fashionable warehouse, making the required purchases. Having finished her business she was about to leave the shop, when her eye was attracted by a lustrous silk which was being displayed to a lady at a distant counter. She stepped over, tapped the lady, whom she recognised, on the shoulder, and said gaily:—

"Ah, Jessie, I thought I knew you! How fortunate! I had just intended calling on you. What are you at? Wedding commissions? Eh?" and Miss Marsh looked archly into the blushing face of the young girl she addressed.

Jessie Wilson, for it was Alfred's betrothed, shook Ellen's hand warmly, and while the shopman moved aside to open a fresh package of silk for her approval, she said, in a low and tremulous voice, "Ellen, sure you know—sure you have heard all about it; I am buying my bridal dress; I am going to be married to Alfred Harrison."

"To be sure I know all about it. I was only pretending ignorance for a joke," said Ellen Marsh. "*Entre nous*," added she, "you ought to consider well what you are about. You are over young, and you carry a dowry in your face. I do not envy any one who goes home to Alfred as a bride while his sister rules in Ivy Lodge. I am Emma's cousin, yet I tell you this. I know her better than you do. It is all very well while you are a visitor, but living in the house with her is a different matter. I have had experience, and can advise you for your benefit. I can have no motive for telling the truth of my cousin; but you are so young and good-looking—I cannot think how they entrapped you."

"Really," responded Jessie, "you amaze me, to speak in such a way of Emma Harrison! Why, she is a most amiable, agreeable, and loveable woman. You surely speak thus for fun, too. You are in a joking mood, Ellen. As to entrapping me, I assure you I am not worth setting a snare for. If my dowry be in my face, as you say, 'tis well, for I have none in my pocket," and the *fiancée* laughed merrily.

"Listen, Jessie," said Ellen, as her friend stooped to examine the silk, which the shopman had been vainly displaying, "do not decide for a moment. I have just come from Ivy Lodge. I breakfasted with Emma and Alfred Harrison. Now, if I tell you of the unkindly feeling which some person there has for you—if I tell you what was laid most unjustly to your account this morning, do you promise never to divulge my name in connection with the transaction?"

Had Jessie given a moment's thought to her friend's proposition, she would have scorned to listen to any private conversation of the Harrisons, but she was bewildered by Ellen's quick manner, her significant looks, and the shopman's impatience; so she gave the required promise, without well knowing what she was doing.

"This morning, then," whispered Ellen, "Emma Harrison received a sort of valentine, containing the coarsest and most scurrilous language ever penned. It consisted of several lines closely written—one exceeding another in abomination. Well, Jessie, the composition of this valentine was attributed to your ready-witted brain! Sir," she added, turning to the silk mercer, "this lady regrets the trouble she has given you, but she cannot decide on making her purchase to-day," and Ellen Marsh led Jessie, who was now in a complete state of stupefaction, out of the warehouse.

She did not part with her friend until she had seen her to her own house, and then Miss Marsh hastened home to change her dress before returning to Ivy Lodge to dinner.

Ellen Marsh breakfasted, dined, and supped with her cousins—she lived with them in fact. Her parents were old, and their society too dull for her. They dined early, and she hated unfashionable hours. The appointments of their table did not equal those of the Harrisons. In a word, the management of Ivy Lodge was to be secured at any cost.

The first question Ellen asked her maid on entering was, "Who called to-day?"

The girl promptly answered, "Mr. Alfred, Miss. I heard the old mistress say he called to look at your music, you write it out so beautifully."

Ellen, without seeking her parents, proceeded hastily to her dressing-room, where she commenced trying a variety of dinner costumes on a sort of lay figure, which she took from a closet. Dress after dress was tried on the inanimate bust, until she fixed on the most elegant which her wardrobe contained. Then restoring the figure to its hiding place, she attired herself to her complete satisfaction.

Leaving with the servant her love for her mother, and a message to say it was doubtful whether she would be back that evening, she drove off in high spirits to Ivy Lodge. Alas! before two hours were away how mortified—how completely worn out she felt. Alfred Harrison did not dine at home. He had sent a line from his office to tell his sister not to expect him. All Miss Marsh's beauty and finery were therefore thrown away on a "dull, prim old maid," who, instead of appreciating her dress, lectured her on her extravagance and want of common sense.

CHAPTER III.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

ALFRED HARRISON, as we have seen, took the insult to his sister very much to heart; and it wounded him deeply to think that, in Emma's mind,

Jessie Wilson was implicated in the matter. He, on the contrary, felt that she was perfectly innocent—that she was incapable of such meanness. Jessie Wilson would not hurt a fly, much less wound the feelings of her intended sister-in-law. He determined to sift the mystery, and as a first step in the matter, he resolved to call on Jessie that evening. Consequently, after business, instead of returning home as he was wont, he despatched, as we already know, a hastily-written note to his sister, telling her not to expect him to dinner.

Accordingly, having taken a chop in one of the fashionable eating-houses, he directed his steps to the residence of his beloved one. He found her at home, and was soon in her presence—but, alas! their meeting was unlike any that had hitherto taken place between them. Not knowing what had occurred between her and Ellen Marsh a few hours previously, Alfred found it difficult to account for the coldness of Jessie's greeting, and for her evidently embarrassed manner towards him.

Coldness of manner is strangely infectious. Go to a friend's house all warmth and love, and with the best intentions in the world, and if you are received coldly or suspiciously, your cordiality is immediately discouraged, your sentiments are warped, and all your warmth is turned to ice.

It had been Alfred's intention to tell Jessie jocosely all that had happened that morning in Ivy Lodge, and he pictured to himself her merry face, as she would playfully denounce Miss Marsh as a traitor. He had also hoped that with her assistance he would be better able to discover the serpent which had insinuated its venom into Ivy Lodge. But, alas! all his preconcerted notions were disappointed. Here was Jessie, the very reverse of what he had been prepared to find her. For the first time since he had known her, he felt awkward and unhappy in her presence, and all his plans and good intentions were dissipated as if by magic.

The time passed in cold and formal conversation during the interview. Although he feared openly and candidly to allude to the valentine, Alfred was still determined not to leave until he had some explanation on the subject; and at length, when the moment for separation drew nigh, he mustered courage, and slowly drew the odious letter from his breast pocket, where it had lain like a coal of fire over his heart all day, and handing it to Jessie, asked her if she had ever seen writing similar to that superscription.

She cast her eye upon the letter without deigning to take it from her lover's hand, and answered,

"Yes, I have."

"Whose writing, then, does it resemble?" asked Alfred.

A crimson flush of scorn illuminated her face, her beautiful eye flashed; she drew up her noble figure, and said deliberately—"Mine; good night, Mr. Harrison. I have had much to harass me, to-day; excuse me for retiring so early."

She swept past her lover, leaving him the picture of blank dismay.

When poor Jessie gained her own room she flung herself upon her bed, and wept long and bitterly. She felt that she had acted hastily; that she had allowed pride to get the better of her reason; that she had treated

Alfred unjustly ; and that her happiness was, perhaps, lost for ever. An inward voice whispered that she was not wholly to blame for her conduct, and she vainly tried to believe it. Had Alfred spoken to her as she had expected ; had he candidly said to her :—"Jessie, the writing of this valentine has been attributed to you ; I know, my love, that until now you never saw it ; but I wish, for the gratification of another person, to hear you say that the production is quite new to you." Had he addressed her thus, she would have laid her head upon his trusting heart, and answered him softly and explicitly ; but his manner towards her was suspicious, impressing her with the idea that he did not believe her to be guiltless of the act thus unjustly laid to her charge. Therefore, she was prompted to assume a character totally foreign to her nature. It never once occurred to her that the cold reception she had given her lover must have perplexed and annoyed him ; yet, with Ellen Marsh's story haunting her like a spectre, she could not meet him otherwise. The past could not be recalled ; she was truly miserable. She felt that the world, which had, until just now, been glowing with brightness, was now for her dark and desolate.

It was well for Alfred that he had some distance to walk before he reached Ivy Lodge, after his abrupt dismissal by Jessie Wilson. It enabled him to collect his scattered senses. Her conduct stupified him. For a moment he felt glad that she was still Jessie Wilson, not Mrs. Harrison—but only for a moment, and that moment was one of distraction. Her manner certainly implied guilt, yet he would not allow so base an idea of her to settle in his heart.

It also happened, fortunately for Alfred, that when he did reach Ivy Lodge he found only the servant waiting his return. He was in no humour to meet ladies, return jests, or give explanations. Next morning he was silent and moody. No allusion was made to the valentine by any of the party at the breakfast table, but expressive smiles and looks were exchanged between Emma Harrison and her cousin.

"Alas ! how slight a cause may move
Dissensions between hearts that love."

A month passed—as did another, and another ; yet no letter of explanation came to Jessie from Alfred ; neither did she send him one line explanatory of her cruel conduct. The lovely May month, which was to have smiled upon their honey-moon, vanished without bringing her any comfort in her desolation. June strewed the earth with its fragrant roses, but, alas ! they were stolen from Jessie's cheek. Wan and sorrowful, she moved like a shadow in her lonely home, with none to console her, none to sympathise. She was an orphan, and lived with an old bachelor uncle, who knew just as much about a heart-ache as he did of the internal arrangements of the sun and moon. Poor old man, he could scarcely spell the word love, much less understand its meaning ; yet he annoyed Jessie by provoking and useless questions ; such as, "What has become of your true-love ? Why is the wedding-day postponed ?" She shunned the society

of her young companions, some of whom sneered at her disappointment; and she overheard one lady of her acquaintance say :—"I knew perfectly well that Alfred Harrison never intended to marry the poor creature;" while another observed—"Some girls, who are not used to admiration, think if a man presents them with a bouquet or a piece of music, that it is time to purchase their trousseau."

Jessie was heart-sick; and an old gentleman, a medical friend, who had always taken a deep interest in her, became quite alarmed about her health. He urged her to seek immediate change of air. She had relations in Wales, to whom she wrote of her delicacy, and of the doctor's advice, and received in return a pressing invitation. Even the idea of the change revived her. She longed to fly from associations which were now but dreams and phantoms of the past; and sought relief for her tortured mind by a speedy flight to her friends among the mountains of old Cambria.

CHAPTER IV.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

HAPPINESS is the most perfect of cosmetics. No modern discovery has been able to excell it. It challenges belladonna, kalydor, pearl-powder, and rouge; and stands the competition triumphantly. So, at least, thought Ellen Marsh, as, day after day, she lingered long and exultingly at her mirror. Since Jessie Wilson had departed for Wales she had become indispensable at Ivy Lodge. Everything appeared to go astray without her. She was wonderfully clever in conversation, and not only knew what to say, but when to say it. She was an accomplished musician, and possessed a rich and expressive voice; and among her practical qualities was a never-failing ingenuity in contriving and varying amusements.

Miss Harrison, who was uneasy about the depressed state of her brother's spirits, knew that without the assistance of her cousin, or some equally clever companion, to enliven him in his hours of relaxation, he would sink into utter despondency; and she not only encouraged her cousin in all the plans she suggested for Alfred's amusement, but felt grateful to her for thus devoting her time to their service.

Alfred was made to believe that he enjoyed flower-shows, bands, and promenades, to some one or other of which he was reluctantly dragged day after day; but the truth is, that no matter whither he went, or in whose society he was, one object alone was present to his mind—and that was Jessie Wilson. Frequently he consulted his sister about writing to her, but she would only shake her head, and ask: "Can you not wait 'till she returns from Wales? She is not gone for an eternity."

Winter came with its social evenings, and to opera, concert, and ball was Ellen escorted by Alfred Harrison. Report spoke of their engagement, and Ellen neither denied nor affirmed anything to that effect, but blushed and looked bashful.

Merry Christmas approached, crowned with holly-berries and mistletoe. Miss Marsh decorated Ivy Lodge most tastefully, not forgetting to hang up in a conspicuous place a branch of the "kissing bough;" and several times on Christmas night she found herself, as if unconsciously, standing under it, and affected pretty and graceful starts; but Alfred seemed heedless of all that was passing round him. He was thinking of another Christmas night, when his beloved Jessie was the fairy of the scene. She was now, alas! far away, and, perhaps as near the shadow of the cypress as his cousin was to that of the mistletoe. He had, in fact, heard that morning that Jessie was in a dying state, and was about to return home, to try her native air as a last resource. Anxiously and impatiently did he await her arrival, resolved to seek a reconciliation with her immediately on her return.

Late in December the invalid reached home. She was so changed and worn that few of her friends could recognise her. The gossip of the servants was that Miss Jessie would be in a better world before the new year was out. Immediately after arriving home, she wrote to Ellen Marsh, requesting her to come without delay to see her. The poor girl wished that through her Alfred should be made aware of the cause of her coldness when last they met. Miss Marsh's servant, in answer to the bearer of Jessie's note, said:—

"My young lady cannot go to see your mistress to night; she is dressing for the opera, and Mr. Alfred will be soon here to take her; and," she added, knowingly, "he'll soon be taking her altogether out o' this, if I am not mistaken."

This message was faithfully conveyed to the wretched and deserted Jessie, who, from reports which had reached her in Wales, did not think it at all improbable that Alfred would marry Ellen one day or other.

Miss Marsh carefully avoided telling Alfred of Jessie's arrival until after the opera. While driving home, she said to him, in a sympathising voice: "Dear Jessie has arrived safely, Alfred."

Mr. Harrison started.

"When did she come?" he exclaimed, nervously; "how did you hear?"

"One question at a time, dear Alfred. You take my breath away with your impatience," said Ellen, rather peevishly. "She returned only to-day. I am to call on her very early to-morrow; shall I deliver any message for you?"

"Yes—no; let me see; dear Ellen, forgive me, but I scarcely know what I am saying. Ask Jessie to grant me an interview, will you? and I'll call on you to-morrow to receive her answer. At what hour do you think you will have returned from seeing her?"

"Let me think," answered Ellen; "I'll be with her by twelve, perhaps; well, twelve; one, two—say two for our meeting. Yes, I shall have returned by two, and you may be sure I shall deliver your message."

They had now reached Miss Marsh's house; most courteously Alfred handed her to the door, and pressing her hand affectionately, he said—"At two punctually I shall be here to-morrow—good night, Ellen!"

The clock had scarcely struck the appointed hour next day when Alfred was at his post. He was shown into Miss Marsh's boudoir—a privilege

which he had never before enjoyed. Miss Marsh was reclining on a lounge as he entered. She was still in her walking dress, and appeared to be deeply affected by the interview she had with her friend.

"Consumption, Alfred," she said, taking his hand—"she is in rapid consumption—poor girl, she looks awfully old and worn."

"My God! has it come to this!" said he. "Is there no hope? can medical skill do nothing to save her?"

"No; nothing will save her, Alfred. She was always consumptive. I knew by her delicacy, and foresaw long ago what is now coming to pass."

"What of the interview I have asked for? will she see me?" enquired the wretched Alfred.

"She will see you, but not immediately. The excitement would be too much for her at present, and her physicians insist on her being kept quiet. I shall soon call on her again, and the moment she expresses a wish to see you, I shall drive to Ivy Lodge with the intelligence."

While Miss Marsh was speaking, Alfred, in his state of mental anxiety, was mechanically displacing the ornaments and books which were placed negligently on the centre table of the boudoir. He took up a small volume, and was about opening it, when Miss Marsh, who showed a nervous anxiety to direct his attention to some other object, asked him if the engraving of Beatrice Cenci over the mantelpiece, was not remarkably like Jessie.

Alfred rose to examine the print, and in doing so laid down the book, which Ellen hastily snatched up, and placed in her pocket, as she thought, unperceived. Alfred, however, remarked the act, and wondered at it; but made no observation.

Several days having elapsed without bringing the promised visit from Miss Marsh, Alfred's patience became exhausted, and he resolved to call on her again, to ascertain when the interview he sought with Jessie was to be granted. His cousin happened to be out when he paid the visit; but the servant, who was aware how agreeable his presence was to her mistress, begged of him to await her return. He complied, and for the second time was ushered into the little boudoir. Left alone, he could not help admiring the air of elegance which surrounded it; and while examining the books and objects of vertu which it contained, his eye fell upon the identical volume which he had seen his cousin, some days before, conceal so hastily in her pocket. A lively curiosity prompted him to open it; it was simply a volume of comic and satirical poetry, and he was about to lay it down, when he perceived that two or three leaves had been freshly extracted from it. The circumstance, though trivial in itself, when taken in connection with his cousin's furtive, or at least suspicious, manner about the book, kindled a fresh and intense feeling of curiosity; and after looking again and again at the volume, the title of which he carefully noted down, he rung for the maid, told her to say to her mistress that he would call again, and left the house. The next moment he was on his way to the nearest bookseller's, and a copy of the work which seemed to have made so deep an impression on his mind was soon obtained.

Alfred did not examine his purchase until he got home. He then

directed his attention to the leaves corresponding with those which had been abstracted from his cousin's copy of the book, and read with anger and intense disgust, the very valentine which had been the cause of so much misery to him !

We need not say that Alfred never seriously believed that the valentine was the production of the gentle and amiable Jessie ; but if he could have had any doubts on the subject, they would have been now cleared up. In fact, all uncertainty as to the source whence the malicious letter had proceeded, was now at an end. He hastily sought his sister, who was in her store-room.

"Emma, dear Emma," he shouted, "at last I know *who sent it*."

Miss Harrison looked up in dismay from her batter and mince pies. She feared for a moment that her brother's reason had become affected. He, however, induced her to accompany him to his study, and placing the volume of poetry in her hand, he desired her to read a particular passage ; and finally explained to her all the circumstances which had led to the discovery.

Miss Harrison stood aghast at the disclosure. She could scarcely believe that she heard aright ; but the truth was too palpable to admit of any doubt.

That evening a long conference took place between the brother and sister, and the result was, that early next day Jessie Wilson was induced to place herself under the maternal care of Emma Harrison, in Ivy Lodge.

It was wonderful how soon the invalid recovered her good looks. She astonished both her friends and her physicians. As for Alfred, he was in ecstasies. He was soon made aware that her malady had been a broken heart, and that he alone possessed the healing balsam. This he applied in the form of a wedding ring ; and on the 14th of February, 18—, just one year from the date of their separation, Alfred and Jessie were united in the holy bands of matrimony.

On the evening of the same day a splendid equipage, drawn by white horses, drew up at Miss Marsh's door. The daintily gloved footman handed to the servant who answered his summons a bridal packet. It contained cards, wedding-cake, and a handsomely-bound copy of the "Satirical Poems" which had led to the discovery of Miss Marsh's traitorous behaviour.

ASSUERUS.

I.

THE MAGII.

It is a summer midnight, thousands of years gone by ; and the clear Assyrian firmament domes over the solitude of the Babylonian plain, spangled with innumerable constellations, which, seeming to hang in the transparent azure, shed upon the rounding levels the clear mysterious illumination of a starry day. An intense calm pervades the spaces of this green desert, which is trackless as the tranquil ocean. Slowly the planets and clusters are

rounding in radiant stillness to the west, but the broad earth, as though under the influence of some spell shed upon it from the vast, reposes in a slumber, breathless as death; and it is only at long intervals, when some great constellation has dipped its last star beneath the blue horizon, that a faint air floats for a moment across the waste of dry herbage—like the vibration of the last pulse of the departed splendour.

In the centre of this immense solitude, the faint tinkle of bells chimed with a glassy, incessant music, and two camels were seen moving slowly to the north-east, in which direction lay the great capital,—Babylon. Their riders were men whose aspects contrasted strongly. One was a small figure, whose eyes sparkled beneath his turbaned brow, and whose face, black as ebony, and grave as time, wore an expression indicative of subtilty, intellect, knowledge. His companion was of lofty stature and majestic mien; his eyes, large and magnificent, shone with a sybilline lustre; his countenance, originally fair, which had become dark with sun and travel, wore an air of sovereignty more than regal; and as slowly moving onward in silence, he now removed his jewelled head-dress, the light of the stars fell on a brow wondrously high and ample, a dome of power dominating lineaments of strange beauty. Both figures were attired in eastern robes, which, when thrown aside occasionally in accelerating the pace of the weary animals which bore them, displayed beneath, girdles thickly set with gems, but weaponless; neither, indeed, bore either dagger or spear. But on the breast of each a jewelled amulet sparkled. They had ridden some time in silence, when the tall figure suddenly stopped and gazed at one great star, which, shining in a region of the sky sparsely scattered with orbs, already trembled descending on the verge of the earth, where his keen eyes recognised, remote, the turrets of one of the old Chaldean cities. With an instinctive motion he passed his right hand over his heart, and then touching a ring which he wore on the other, on whose seal was engraved a single hieroglyphic—an incantation to the genius of his natal planet—he appeared absorbed for a few seconds, during which his lips breathed inaudibly the few mysterious words of invocation. Then it was, that moving beside his companion, he for the first time broke the silence, which had lasted uninterrupted during the last several leagues of their solitary journey.

"It is a hundred years this hour since last I crossed this plain," he said.

Without evincing any surprise at an announcement so apparent improbable, his companion merely remarked—"Few experience more than one of the seasons of time; but the new cycle, which is just now commencing, will be a new experience like that of travelling into a new zone, in which the sun of time appears under a novel aspect.

"As the earth from age to age approaches a superior centre of light, the souls of the few whom nature has moulded to express her secret powers, receive from her spirit a progressive illumination," the Magian murmured. Then turning to his companion, he added:—

"From you, oh Zarphael, who, in the central solitudes of Arabia, have penetrated the mysteries of the stars with a clearer faculty than even the watchers of those plains, many secrets have I learned; but from my own

power, still more. Much as I have travelled, and acquired from the wise, the spirit of my star, when invoked in solitude, and with earnest soul power, has ever vouchsafed me a higher faculty of revelation. The secrets of nature and spirit remain inscrutable to the eye of ignorance, but are simplicity itself to the souls selected by destiny in each advancing age. Such is the sign which the mountain eremite taught you, by which with the wave of a hand, the index of volition, you are enabled to bring any less powerful soul into the sphere of your own, to read its innermost thoughts, and illustrate its future. Such is the power which I have mastered—the evidences of which you have witnessed—whose secret as yet remains to you inexplicable, but which, when the hour arrives that will signal my departure thence to a superior star, shall be bequeathed you as a heritage.”

At this moment, and while an air of gratitude and enthusiasm animated the black face of Zarphael, whose bright eyes were fixed on his companion, a splendid meteor, shooting a crescent flight from the zenith, for a few seconds flooded the desert plain with its superb effulgence—bright as day. As it descended, it appeared to hover before them like a pillar of light, then finally vanished in the direction of Babylon; and at the same time the last breath of an unearthly strain of music, with which it seemed accompanied—died away. Presently low down along the blue horizon of the east, the first golden streaks of the dawn began to burn; while as it deepened and broadened—lo! far to the north appeared a level shimmer of light, which they recognised as the southern branch of the Euphrates, and as they hastened toward it, the while a peal of thunder was heard to roll across the distance in portentous majesty—the mighty city, with its battlemented walls, temples, and towers, stretching from sky to sky, became dimly visible.

“Rehold!” murmured Zarphael—“by yonder meteor the heavens seem to herald our approach.”

“And by the thunder, our arrival in the doomed city,” returned the Magian.

Some hours passed, and the rose and saffron tints of dawn had already given place to the golden day, when the travellers approached one of the great turreted gateways of the southern district of the city, which with its structures innumerable, wrapped in sultry splendour, extended northward away, many a league beyond the burning fringe of the horizon.

BABYLON.

By a broad, gently sloping stairway, ascending to one of the turreted gates, the travellers enter the mighty city, whose innumerable structures cover a series of terraces, which, sloping from the plain, one above the other, extend for miles around the great temple of Belus, which also rises terrace above terrace—a stupendous graduated pyramid.* Here and

* In shape the Temple of Belus, at Babylon, seems to have resembled a Chinese temple—a series of vast square earthworks and esplanades, lessening towards the summit.

there, conspicuous appear the lesser, but still vast shrines of the Assyrian deities; in one region the huge shrine of Sheshach, (the earth,) a dark colossal structure—in another the superb shrine of Astrarte, and hundreds of others, also bright and small, rear their pinnacles to the stars, to whose clusters they are respectively dedicated—all which, however, sink into insignificance, both as regards magnitude and splendour, when compared with the wondrous central structure, with its enormous gates portaled by winged lions, and its superb interiors, where the images of the god stand in solid gold, some forty, some a hundred feet high. On the eastern side of the river, which divides the city, appear the gilded roofs of the ruling classes, the satraps, the captains, the magicians, astrologers, and sorcerers, surrounded by their sumptuous paradises and hanging gardens, raised on arches high above the roofs, with their shady avenues, their terraces of flowers, orchards, and streams. On the west, the districts of the industrial classes, an immense congeries of buildings, stretch for leagues away. The river is crossed by a great bridge, terminated at either end by two lofty temples—a bridge which forms not only the link between the two regions of the city, but between the two great highways of commerce, along which the opulence of the remotest east and west is conveyed to the capital of Mesopotamia. Within the huge circuit of the walls, which rise like mountains, a hundred feet high, and on whose broad summits three chariots can career abreast—are meadows, orchards, woods, lakes, great cisterns, with aqueducts, granaries, fortresses, and strongholds, palaces, treasure houses, and pleasure houses innumerable. The streets, which are all built at right angles, and which present endless vistas, are thronged with countless multitudes of all nations—the fur-clad Scythian,—the golden girt trafficker from Ophir—Persians, Bactrians, Syrians, Jews, Greeks, Egyptians—representatives of the barbarians from all regions—from the snows of the north and west to the burning tracts of the furthest south and east. Numbers of camels, laden with corn and wine, with spice, fruit, and silk, cross and recross the great highways; thousands of elephants, laden with ivory, jewels, feathers, skins, plod heavily along; among troops of horses, and long lines of sedans, carriages, and other conveyances.

The palace of Assuerus occupied an eminence, which, sloping to the river eastward its sumptuous pleasure grounds and pavilioned courts, was encircled toward the west by numerous avenues of dark, gigantic cypress and cedar. On each side of the building a hundred pillars of the finest marble supported the lower chambers, above which three other piles of symmetrical structures, similarly adorned, terminated, and were surmounted with a mighty tower, on whose summit the monarch, his wives, and favourite ministers were wont to assemble to enjoy the fresh airs of the evening, the prospects of the vast and busy city, and that of the richly cultivated plain, with its immense tracts of yellow corn, orchards, villages, and long roadways, thronged with traffickers and merchants of all nations. Thence might be seen the broad river, winding through the wilderness of brick buildings and gardens, and covered with merchant craft, war vessels, and pleasure-boats, innumerable and of various shapes, the prow of each represent-

ing an image of the god of the particular country whence it had come—some an elephant, some a lion, and some a horse. Thence the turbaned and helmeted armies of the king, exercising in the broad courts of the armories and strongholds—some with the spear, some armed with the bow, some guiding the triple-horsed chariots, whose scythe-armed wheels were wont to spread devastation amid the ranks of battle;—thence the numerous temples erected to the Sun, with their everlasting fires and clouds of incense ascending;—the mighty mausoleums;—the huge brazen turreted gates, which opened at intervals in the walls, flashing in the western sun,—the innumerable multitudes and all the pomp and glory of Babylon.

It is evening, and Assuerus and his train have entered the great pleasure hall of the palace—an immense chamber—on whose walls, intervaled by statues of the kings and gods of the land, the history of the empire is represented in pictures and writing. From the mighty portal at one end, whence a colonnaded stair of marble and jasper descends to the garden, terraces, the odour of whose flowers breathes voluptuously on the air, the golden sunset, sinking into cloudy red, casts a glare blood-like and portentous up the tessellated floors and gilded roofs, and bronze images, upon the throne where the monarch rests. On either side stand his ministers and attendants, his cup-bearers, tribute-gatherers, eunuchs, and fan-bearers, sceptre-carriers, scribes, his astrologers, soothsayers, and magicians; all attired in sumptuous apparel, and all bearing the symbol of their office. Though slightly differing, according to their rank and function, all wear the national costume of Assyria, some the tunic and parted cloak, some the long robe, reaching to the red-heeled sandals; all wear their hair floating on the shoulders, and the long plaited and curled beard, golden earrings, bracelets, and necklaces. From a chamber opening from the upper end of the hall, where the court surrounds the throne, the sound of low laughter and rustling silks occasionally stirs the silence, and as some fair hand lifts the tapestry, the wives and concubines of the king may be seen reclining on couches around a fountain, the play of whose perfumed waters keeps time with their whispered conversation.

An unusual gloom clouds the fierce and voluptuous countenance of Assuerus, and those of the palace ministers surrounding him partake of its sympathetic shadows. At length, the portentous silence, which had for some time reigned in the royal chamber, is broken by the king, who raising his crimson and gold tiara, and passing his hand over his troubled brow, speaks as follows:—

“But a few hours since, while wrapped in noon-day slumber, oh, Babylonians, a dream visited my soul—a dream whose purport, though still inexplicable, has darkened the day, and still haunts my brain with its mysterious impression. Hence is it that I have commanded the presence of you, astrologers, soothsayers, and magicians of my palace. Many times before have I proved your power and knowledge of futurity—once again I call upon you, by such lore and spells as you have mastered, to interpret this vision, and translating its meaning, possess me with the purposes of destiny.”

"Speak, oh, king," exclaims the chief of the magicians, advancing proudly : "hitherto the fate of this great empire has been, as thou knowest, clearly foreseen by us, its magicians, all whose prophecies, whether arising from the study of the stars, the power of sorcery, or the magic of mind in the interpretation of dreams, have been verified by events—speak."

The last flush of sunset had faded from the sky, and the blue shadows of the moonless evening, falling through the casements, tinged the statues and faces in the lampless hall with a spectral hue as Assuerus, leaning on his golden sceptre, which trembled in his grasp, as though some sudden and chill air had iced his blood, said—

"Methought, oh magicians, I was lying in the very chamber where I reposed, when my dream was broken by a peal of thunder, and turning, I gazed toward the east, in which the bright day reigned, all shadowless,—save for one cloud. At first it seemed a mere speck, but presently grew larger, and as it approached a wind began to blow, darkening the air, bending the trees, and driving the waves of the river in tumults before it. Presently, the while the jagged lightning of the tempest struck blindingly around me, methought the cloud assumed the form of a mighty giant, and as it advanced with wrathful brow and gesture across the land, the plain trembled, and an earthquake cleared a path for the awesome presence across the city, through which it moved, until it ascended to the summit of the great temple of Belus, yonder. There, as frowning, it pointed a minatory arm toward the space beneath, methought a sudden fire broke from the ground, and rose in broader and fiercer conflagration, until Babylon's loftiest turrets sunk beneath the deluge of flame, which, in a little seemed to surround the palace. Then I rose to fly, but fierce faces and serpents of fire leaping from roof, and casements, and doors, assaulted me, as I hurried hither and thither, and finally collecting and wrapping me round, consumed me, until I thought I sat upon the ruins of my state, upon a burning throne,—a skeleton."

As the king ended, a confused whispered murmur passed round the group of magicians. After a time, the chief magus advancing, said :—"Ordinarily interpreted, oh Assuerus, thy vision would portend danger to thy kingdom ; but as thy wise men deem it not fitting to offer an explanation of a phantasm so fearful, without consulting the spirits of the stars, the dead, and the gods of Babylon, we purpose—you accompanying us—to visit at once the grove of Assarac, where, after prognostic and incantation, the purport of thy dream shall be unfolded."

Upon this Assuerus descended from his throne, and the chief magus leading the way, the king and his magicians passed in procession from the palace into the night, and after moving through the stately avenues of the gardens, presently entered the gloomy grove referred to, which was dedicated to the rites of the oldest deities of Assyria.

DIVINATION.

Arrived at this gloomy spot, where a cluster of aged trees, whose black withered branches shadowed a still water, near which rose a small temple,

old and sombre, on the summit of a ridge of rocks, whose sides were covered with the tombs of the oldest sect of the Chaldeans; Assuerus with some of his ministers, entered one of the mouldering chambers of the shrine, and awaited the result of the magic rites and incantations in gloom and silence. First, the chief Astrologer—a tall, white-robed figure, with bright, solemn eyes—approached the gloomy pool, on whose still surface a bright star, shining in the zenith, was reflected with placid brilliancy; and kneeling on the dry, perfumed herbs, which skirted its margin, appeared to be for some moments absorbed in a trance of prayer or divination, the while a second kindled a heap of precious substances on a small altar, whose pale fire rose steadily in the quiet air, throwing up its plume of incense smoke, and casting beautiful but melancholy reflections over the pool, among the trees and masses of herbage.

Presently, as rising, he made a mystic sign with his wand, pointed toward the azure glittering sky, a radiant shadow, as of a beautiful face, appeared to rise from the blue surface of the pool, where the bright star, which seemed to sparkle through its forehead, shone; and a voice, spiritual and low, as though breathing from an infinite distance, uttered some indistinct words, which pulsed away in whispers through the surrounding foliage. When its last echo had died in the silence, the Astrologer rose, and hastening to the porch of the temple, where the king sat, exclaimed—

“Trouble not thyself, oh king, the Spirit of the star which my spells control—than which none is greater in the sky—proclaims that thy dream bodes not disaster, but continued glory and prosperity.”

“Glory to Belus!” cried Assuerus, from whose countenance, illuminated by night, the ominous gloom began to clear away; “yes, this god of Babylon, to whom a thousand altars smoke, will still protect my empire. But what say the Sorcerers? If their interpretation accords with thine, oh Chaldeans, then may we laugh to scorn the antagonistic spirits who terrify our souls with visions, boding disaster. But, behold! the incantation is still proceeding,” he added, as he pointed to a flame which flickered among the tombs in the dark rocky valley beneath.

This flame, which proceeded from a brazier, which burned at the entrance of a gloomy ravine, had a little before illuminated the dark-robed form and cavernous eyes of Sosorbes, the chief of the Sorcerers, the while he fed the fire, dropping into it with his skeleton hands, now rare perfumes; now, some spell written in hieroglyphic; now, magical gems.

This prefatory rite completed, he descended into the ravine, in which his figure was soon lost amid the impenetrable shadows of the superincumbent rocks. At length, mounting a shadowy path, where a fountain murmured from a cleft, he paused before an aged tomb, on which the light of the distant sacrificial fire fell. Then, kneeling on the earth beneath the black arms of the old cypresses, and dark, large-leaved herbage, with which the door of the sepulchre was half hidden, he removed a talisman from his hand, and the while he muttered an incantation in an unknown tongue, knocked with the magic instrument gently against the hollow stone.

After some moments the door of the tomb slowly opened; there was a

sound within, as of the rustle of withered leaves, and an aged Shadow, on whose brow the image of a phantom crown rested, rose in the presence of the sorcerer. Sosorbes in the same dim language in which he had invoked, addressed this, his familiar spirit, a few words of mysterious import; then as the Shadow touched him with its hand, the eyes of the sorcerer closed,—he ceased to breathe, and for a few moments seemed as dead—silent as a statue. In the interval he had received the answer of the Dead. When the Shadow withdrew its hand, and vanished, and the stone door of the tomb rolled back to its place, with a hollow subterranean noise, the sound seemed once more to restore Sosorbes to consciousness. For a moment a shiver convulsed, and passed from his frame—drops of sweat stood on his brow, and the while his heart throbbed loudly with returning life, he descended the rugged pathway, and passing the brazier of fire at the entrance of the ravine, stood once more in the presence of the king.

"Sosorbes, what answer have the shadowy gods vouchsafed to thy invocation?" enquired Assuerus in a tone of anxiety, low and perturbed.

"Fear not, oh king," returned the sorcerer, "my familiar spirit gives thee cheer. The voice of the Dead re-echoes that of the Stars."

Upon this Assuerus rose quickly, an air of exultation and defiance reanimated the cruel and languid lineaments of his dusky face, and giving a sign for the torch-bearers, who stood afar off at the entrance of the dark cypress avenue, to approach, accompanied by his magicians, he hurriedly retraced his steps to the palace.

INTERPRETATION.

That night a sumptuous banquet was given by Assuerus to his captains, councillors, and magicians; a hundred lights illuminated the great feasting-chamber, the wine flowed, the music of sackbut and psaltry resounded, and the palace was drowned in revel.

It was already midnight, and the cup-bearer had replenished the frequently filled wine goblet of the king, who, reclining in his golden chair, in the central space of the royal table at the upper end of the hall, had just witnessed the performance of a Lydian dancer, and the plaudits of the festal company had scarcely ceased, when the captain of the spearmen who held guard at the colossal gate of the palace, entering and prostrating himself before the throne, announced, "That scouts had arrived, bearing intelligence that a great Median army had crossed the frontier, and were at that moment advancing rapidly on the capital."

The king drained the wine cup, and flinging it with disdainful gesture on the board, cried:—

"Thou, too, hast been partaking overmuch in revel, oh Ashar! the army of whose approach thou speakest has only an existence in thy imagination; away! thou hast been dreaming—away, wine bibber, and sleep off thy fear."

Not daring to reply, the officer rose, and bowing, disappeared, and the laughter of the revellers still echoed along the golden roofs, when they

were suddenly conscious of the presence of a strange guest, whom none had observed enter, and who was unknown to any, who sat at the right hand of Assuerus, between the chief of the magicians and sorcerers. A sensation of wonder, mingled with one of unaccountable awe, thrilled the hearts of the revellers, all whose faces were turned toward this unnoticed visitor;—his foreign garb,—his dark countenance,—and splendid eyes, whose gaze seemed to fix and control the brain of each of the revellers upon whom it was bent. As he glanced round the assembly, and then at Assuerus, the latter, who on a sudden felt his heart beat painfully, and his blood chill, exclaimed in accents of ill simulated courage:—

“Whence comest thou, stranger, and for what reason hast thou, an unbidden guest, dared to enter the palace of Assuerus?”

“To interpret thy dream,” the stranger replied.

“Thou deemest thy wisdom greater, then, than that of my astrologers and magicians,” returned Assuerus, smiling disdainfully, though still a prey to terror.

“True wisdom is tested by time—is proved by results,” the stranger answered, glancing at Sosorbes, and the Chaldeans.

A cloud of doubt hovered on the brow of the king, so lately glowing with pride and assurance, and after a pause, he said: “Come, then, as thou assumest a gift of knowledge greater than the most powerful of the Chaldeans, I will acquaint thee with my vision, and hear thy interpretation, oh wondrous prophet!”

A sudden shadow seemed to dim the lamp-lit hall, in which a deep silence reigned, as the Magian said—

“Thy thoughts, oh Assuerus, are familiar to me as my own; but as thou desirest to hear thy dream interpreted, not foolishly, as by thine astrologer, or falsely, as by the evil familiar of thy sorcerer yonder, but in terror and truth—listen.”

As the Magian spoke, a rushing wind seemed to sweep over the city and palace, and a sudden gloom gathered in the revel chamber, in whose cloud of darkness the lamps became extinguished, and the feasters invisible, each to the other.

Then, as every heart sank with awe, lo, upon the magic darkness which had filled the hall, appeared the following words in letters of mysterious flame, which, though shining brightly as the sun, shed no light upon the group of revellers, whose eyes were fixed thereon.

“The giant of thy vision, Assuerus, is the army of the Persians, which is already at thy gates. The glory of Babylon is at an end; in the new cycle which has commenced, destiny ordains that the course of empire shall pass from the rising to the setting sun; present ruin awaits thy great city, which, a few ages hence, shall become a buried tomb:—present ruin thyself, oh king: the slumber in which thou dreamedst thy dream of terror, was thy last!”

As the monarch, his councillors, captains, and magicians, read those fiery prophetic words, a cry of despair rang through the darkened palace, whose gates at the same instant were heard to close with a sound like

thunder. Then, after a fearful pause, during which each figure in the hall, as under the influence of some potent spell became motionless,—fixed to the ground as with the weight of a hundred chains, a light—the glare of a distant conflagration, streamed wrathfully through the casements, illumining the doomed company, from amid whom the mysterious stranger had already disappeared. Then far off, was heard the noise of battle, the ringing of armour, the tread of a mighty multitude advancing, the shock of city-shaking engines, the roar of hosts encountering. Then, at intervals, the fall of giant towers, the screams of fugitives, the trumpet blast and the shout of triumph. The crackle and roar of conflagration, whose vast fire sea, rolling its mighty billows on the wind, already enveloped the palace of Assuerus.

* * *

Some days afterwards, as some Median soldiers, red with massacre and weighed with riches, entered, amid smoking ruins, the great hall where the king of Babylon had last feasted, their eyes fell upon a strange and ghastly spectacle. Around the tables of black marble, covered with half-molten cups of gold, sat a group of skeletons, beneath the throne on which that of the king still rested. The crown, glittering with gems, still covered the charred skull, which seemed from its cavernous sockets to gaze with spectral smile of mockery upon the surrounding scene of ruin, the company of bony revellers, the aureate vessels of feasting, the images of the gods overturned, and lying in molten heaps on the pavement. Just as the soldiers, however, were about to advance, the earth trembled, the walls shook, and a colossal stone figure of one of the Babylonian deities, which had hitherto resisted the fire, falling in thunder across the upper part of the hall, and overturning the pillars which sustained the roof, buried the terrible scene on which they had gazed, for ever from their view.

FLOWERS OF A GARLAND.—No. III.

BY THOMAS IEWIN.

THE POET'S ISLE.

It was a land lonely and beautiful,
That like a floating moon in the blue air
Lay islanded within an eastern sea.
O'er marble ridges, shelving to the shore,
Came tumbling white the flashing waterfalls;
Dark azure peaks, high in the cloudless clime,
Rose sentineling the enchanted coast,
Shadowing the dreamy sea with twilight cool,
From pendulous umbrage thickly overgrown,
And draperies dark of interleavings green;
Amid which hung the many-juiced fruits,

Rare and rich coloured as the dimpled shells
That strewed the beach ; while flowers, rainbow-born,
Scented the sky up to the golden clouds.

'Twas evening as he paced the curved beach
Alone, with loneliest imaginings,
Amid the ocean wind and sunset light.
Southward, above the green foam-drifted sea,
A distant isle 'mid purple shadows loomed,
Veiled in the mellow heat mists of the day,
With slant beams brightening its white streaks of shore.
Across its darkling phantom sides white birds
Flashed ; while above it beamed the crescent moon,
And fitfully the wavy wind was blowing.
Beyond the smooth pale sands of this sweet coast
Stretched a surge-maddened reef, rugged and brown,
On which the mounting billows, crushed to spray,
Wove fragment rainbows in the evening light.

Here was the place where lonely years ago,
The rude shipwrecking billows swept him on
Dizzily struggling with the drowning deeps,
Till maddening torture sunk in senselessness.
The beach where, when his life dawned back, he lay,
And sometime stared half dreaming on the scene ;
Where full before him, nigh his pebbly couch,
Long heaving lines of billows smote the sands
In curved foamy fall ; and from the cliffs
That near him stood, flung baffled in their spring,
Gnashed whitely at their base, moaning and stunned.
The sea was ebbing out with th'evening wind
That faded to the eastern moon ; and near,
Thrown like himself beyond the threatening tides,
Lay the chill, shivering surf drift. Tiny shells
Strewed the smooth shore, like dimples of a child,
And whispered near the swaying salt sea weed,
From rocks, whose summits took the last west light,
Where soared the wild white birds in wheeling flocks,
Skirring aloft, and ever and anon
Their wavering shadows casting on his brow,
Whose pulse beat faint and cold—like ministers
Of death, still haunting him, escaped the deeps.

Here often, when his heart, like the high stars,
Beat bright and still, it formed a pure delight
When day was gone, to sit by th'sea beach calm,
Within the listening of its murmurings,

And let old voices fill his ears at eve ;
 To live with recollections of old days,
 And once more converse hold with the dear groups
 Now past, who clustered round his infancy,
 Filling his brain with memories musical
 And sweet, that wake in dreams and loneliness ;
 And feeding his clear soul with thoughts that sprung
 From the fair smiles of nature such as beamed,
 In lawn, fount, forest-brown, and cavern sparred,
 From amber morn, from evening's presence mild,
 From silent-midnight's rich sphere-spangled dome,
 And lonely noon day's listless dreamy sea.
 There, with his soul's bright images to dwell,
 Became his sweet, ideal paradise,
 Living with fancy for companionship,
 Until old Time should beckon silent Death
 From the dim vast, and while the snow of years
 Had grown around him ; there, amid the light
 Of some low west, stretched on an autumn bank,
 To yield his soul, after the fading sun,
 Into the unknown realms of stars away.

Oftimes, beneath some slender fragrant tree,
 Stretched 'mid the noon, or when the western rays
 Peeped under its drooped branches amorously,
 He'd wake within his heart enchantments sweet,
 Blending all beauties into one bright form,
 Lonely and lovely as a gentle star,
 Daughter of morn, sister of solitude—
 The hallowed visitant of his heart's dreams.
 And when full silver orbéd fancy filled
 His soul with light, and music words thronged fast,
 To realise each fairy phantasy—
 Swift would he wend him to some ivied cave,
 Whose floor was paved with sand, all yellow smooth,
 And with some stem of coral, idly trace,
 Reclined, his summer dreams. The while the waves
 Over the rosy shells and pebbles pure
 Framed him a love-lorn melody—the while
 Shoreward, from out the isle's green woodland heart,
 The pulses of the perfumed wind beat low ;
 While crossed the vale cool showerings from the sea,
 Bubbling the rivulet bright that wogled by
 From the remote hill's purple pyramid—
 'Till the young moon seemed from its source to rise,
 And wander freshened from its fount through heaven.

To him the spring scattering its shimmering sprays,
 Adown the marble reefs, 'mid flowers wild,
 Grew a familiar being. There, at eve,
 When the calm west beamed on his fount, and he
 Stretched by its side, he'd muse, and with the tune
 His fancy traced amid its tinkling shower,
 Frame songs for passing spirits—the pure souls
 Whose life was one sweet song of praise and love.
 Nor lonely felt he here. A grand old tree
 Stretched its boughs o'er him, like a father's arms ;
 The winds, that fawned around his brow at noon,
 Seemed fond familiars of the air that loved
 To be ever near him, touching him in play ;
 The red ripe fruitage frequent dropp'd to his feet
 While roaming through the browning autumn woods—
 The light leaves kissed him in his evening walk ;
 The birds, amid the foliage o'er his cave,
 Welcomed him home as rose the evening star ;
 The brook came near his couch, with silver smiles,
 And music, gentle as a sister's voice ;
 And, like a mother, watched his sleep, the moon.

THE EGYPTIAN SLAVE.

One morning by the languid Nile,
 Sat a maiden near a fountain,
 By her side an earthen vase
 Shimmered in the sultry rays ;
 And the warm air breathed the while
 From the stony mountain.
 In the dizzy desert looming,
 Her poor dusky village stood ;
 And many a brown sailed barque came glooming
 Up the broad old flood.
 "Though I'm but a slave," she cried,
 "Living by the sluggish tide,
 Food for the great city's scorning ;
 Oh, there's something in the morning
 Fills my heart with good."

On the low and rushy bank,
 From a barge all gilded over,
 Groups of sabred soldiers sprang
 Toward the fount, their armour rang ;
 And as they bathed their brows and drank—
 She saw that they were dashed with gore :—

"Whither sail ye this sweet day,
 Weary soldiers, battle stained?"
 And one cried, in accents gay—
 "Oh, we have a battle gained,
 And methinks the noon will light
 Our swords into another."—
 "Alas! alas!" the maiden cried,
 Standing by his glittering side,
 "Is not this gentle morn too bright
 For such a strife, my brother?"

They laughed and sprang aboard again,
 Floating down, with many a gleam
 Of armour, and the crimson glow
 Of Roman banners, drooping low;—
 But soon she hears, with creaky strain,
 Another barge slide up the stream,
 And amid heaps of yellow corn,
 That filled the deck up to its brim,
 A group of figures, lank and shorn,
 With slave-brands on each dusky limb:—
 "Whither sail ye, fellow slaves?"
 "To a city up the tide,
 Where half the people sleep in graves,
 The rest by famine sore are tried;—
 The Roman soldiers tread us down"—
 "Oh, slaves,—my brothers—haste away,
 Thine is the nobler work, to-day,
 And worthier of a crown."

Now in the middle stream beneath
 The golden glow, another boat
 Comes dancing to the beat of oars,
 On to the city's pillared shores;
 And in the awning's shadowy breadth
 There feasts a purple prince of note;
 While urns of myrrh, in fragrance dim,
 Flame by the palm wine, shimmering near,
 And lotus bread is heaped by him,
 And leaves of honey, amber-clear—
 She glanced a-toward the cedar decks,
 And then a-toward her desert cot—
 "Were half the gold that feasters waste
 But thrown unto the poor to taste,
 Lighter the chain would press our necks,
 And happier be our lot."

Now far in the noon-heated air
 The city's stony roofs are glowing,
 And toward a sombre palace-tomb
 A dusk procession treads in gloom ;
 Beneath the heavy glare,
 Slow as the sleepy river's flowing,
 Round the cattle on the bank—
 Amid the sultry rushes flung
 The brassy gad-fly, keen and lank,
 On shards that crackled, wheeled, and stung :
 But toward the funeral train afar
 Her large eyes gazed, the while she said—
 " Methinks, a simple grave of reeds,
 If buried there among good deeds,
 Is nearer to the morning star
 Than yon great mansion of the dead."

Beside the stream, through every change
 Of day she sat, with heart awake ;
 Then homeward through the eve she went,
 Unto her small and snowy tent,
 Afoot a moonlit mountain range,
 And by a stilly lake.
 The sandy path spread eastward far,
 Unto a clustering group of palm,
 Where dwelt, beside a low bright star,
 The Oracle, in shrine of calm ;
 And as across the desert dim
 White pilgrims sought the sacred seer—
 " Methinks," she said, " my heart can tell
 The lowly path to Heaven as well,
 And raise as sweet a hymn—
 My oracle is beating here."

CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.

THE DENARY SCALE.

HAS it ever occurred to the reader to enquire why it is that when we count as far as ten we return again on the same digits, and count ten-and-one, or eleven ; ten-and-two, or twelve ; ten-and-three, or thirteen ; and so on to twice ten, or twenty ; ten-times ten, or a hundred ; ten-times a hundred, or a thousand, &c. ; every conceivable number being, in fact, only some combination of ten and of the nine digits which precede it ? The matter is well worth enquiry, although, like many other "common things," it is

too familiar to excite our curiosity ; and it becomes still more curious when we consider that this mode of counting is universal. Without any possibility of deriving it from each other, the people of all times and all nations have adopted it. Navigators tell us, indeed, of some few isolated savages who, when first discovered, were unable to reckon higher than five ; but this fact can scarcely be considered as making any material exception to this general rule. It may be asserted, then, that all mankind have, by a common consent or common instinct, agreed to count by ten, or, in other words, have adopted the denary or decimal scale of numbers—so called from the Latin words, *deni* and *decem*, ten—and hence has this scale been regarded as an institution of nature. Men have received from nature ten fingers and ten toes, and there can be no doubt that these appendages of the human body have suggested the base or *radix*, as it is called, of the denary system. In fact, the nine first numbers with the cipher (0) are called digits, from the Latin word *digitus*, which signifies either a finger or a toe.

But some people will have it that although nature taught us, as it were, to count by tens, still that the system is by no means the best that could be devised. Thus, they say, if we had a binary scale, in lieu of the existing one—that is, if we counted by twos, and if every number were only a combination of one and two, or rather of 1, and the cipher which with 1 would then represent two, in the same way as 1 and 0 now do ten, all our arithmetical calculations would be wonderfully facilitated, except so far as the lengthy shape which numbers would assume ; for our present number 1,000, for instance, would then be represented as 1111101000.

The celebrated Leibnitz, and some others, recommended the binary scale as the most convenient ; but mathematicians generally are agreed that if the adoption of a radix or base of notation were an arbitrary arrangement that could be made over again, the best possible one would be 12 ; that is, the substitution of a duodenary (or duodecimal) scale for the common or denary one ; so that we should count in twelves instead of tens, and any number on being removed one place more to the left hand, instead of being increased ten times in value, as at present, should be increased twelve times.

The adoption of the duodenary scale would require two additional characters, to represent 10 and 11 as simple digits ; and it is usual to employ two letters of the Greek alphabet for that purpose, as π and ϕ . Thus the digits of this scale would stand thus, viz. :—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, π , ϕ , 10 ; the highest of the digits, or the *radix*, in any arithmetical scale being represented by a unit prefixed to a cipher, as we now represent ten.

The chief advantage which the duodenary scale would possess over the common scale would be found in fractional numbers, or in those fractional forms equivalent to our decimals, a great many of which that are now indefinite would then be definite. This would arise from the fact that while 10, the radix of the common scale, has only two factors, i. e., 2 and 5, 12, the radix of the duodenary scale, has four, or is divisible by four numbers, viz., 2, 3, 4, and 6 ; and the fraction whose denominator would be any of these factors, or any multiple of any of them, would be definite in the form equivalent to our decimals. Thus, the decimal equivalent to $\frac{1}{3}$ in

the common scale is $\cdot3333$ &c., to infinity, without ever arriving at the truth, whereas the same fraction expressed on the same principle in the duodenary scale is simply $\cdot4$.

The French, by the use of the metrical system, adapt all their computations admirably to the common or denary scale; whereas for many of our subdivisions of coins, weights, and measures, the duodenary scale would be more convenient. Thus our shilling is divided into 12 pence; our pound troy into 12 ounces; our foot into twelve inches, and these again into 12 lines. Hence, it is not without some purpose that a chapter is devoted in many of our books of arithmetic to the duodenary system of notation, or duodecimals, as they are commonly termed; and it frequently happens that where feet and inches are to be multiplied by feet and inches, as in finding the superficial or cubic content of bodies, the operator finds it more convenient to reduce his numbers to duodecimals, and having performed the multiplication, to reduce the result back again into the common notation.

Many of the curious properties which belong to the number 9, in the common system, would be transferred to the number 11, in the duodecimal scale. Thus, as multiplication and division are proved by the operation called "casting out the 9's," in the common arithmetic, they would be proved by casting out the 11's in duodecimal arithmetic.

The arrangement by which any number when moved one place to the left hand is increased tenfold in value, when moved two places is increased a hundred fold, and so on by successive powers of ten—this arrangement, we say, is another thing in our common system of notation, which is apt to appear to us so simple as not to be worth while stopping to enquire about. Some people, no doubt, if they think about it at all, imagine that it must have been always so, and cannot conceive any system of arithmetic without it. But, nevertheless, it was not so always, and the mathematicians of ancient Greece and Rome were obliged to conduct all their calculations without having the slightest idea of this admirable system of notation. Who the inventor of this notation was is a question beyond the reach of investigation. We know that it was introduced into Europe along with our present numerical characters, by the Arabs, in the tenth century, and that it was obtained by them from the Indians, whence it is known as the Indian system of notation; but beyond this all enquiry fails, although the invention, whoever its author may have been, is admitted to be one of the most useful and important improvements ever introduced into mathematical science.

Pope Sylvester II., a Frenchman,* who died in 1003, and who learned

* This extraordinary man is also well known as Gerbert, Archbishop of Rheims. He studied under a Spanish bishop in Catalonia, and while in Spain acquired his knowledge of Arabian mathematical learning. It is a fact interesting to Irishmen that he was for a great part of his life abbot of the famous Irish abbey of Bobbio, founded in northern Italy by our great St. Columbanus. Muratori attributes the first revival of learning in Italy to Gerbert's school at Bobbio; and there is no doubt that the same great man introduced science into

to himself from the Moors in Cordova, was the first who introduced this system if arithmetic into France; and it was brought into England many years later by Athelard, a monk of Bath, who flourished in 1127, and was the first to introduce into England "Euclid's Elements," which he translated into Latin out of Arabic. According to Wallis, Athelard, indeed, shares the honour of having introduced the Arabic, (or rather Indian,) arithmetic into England, with two or three other Englishmen, who travelled into Spain about the same time, as Robert of Reading, who translated the Koran into Latin, in 1143, and Daniel Morley, who studied mathematics and the Arabic language at Toledo, about 1180.

To appreciate the advantages which we derive from this Indian system of notation, it is only necessary to consider for a moment the system which preceded it.

With only ten numerical symbols we are able to express any conceivable number, whereas the Greeks were under the necessity of using 36 different characters, and even with these were, for many centuries, unable to express any number greater than 10,000, or a myriad. The characters employed by the Greeks were principally those of their alphabet. Thus the nine digits were represented by nine letters of the alphabet; nine other letters were used to express 10, 20, 30, &c.; and nine others for 100, 200, 300, &c. For the thousands, 1000, 2000, 3000, &c., instead of distinct characters, they had recourse again to those for the simple units, with the addition of an iota or dash below the letters, and so on up to 10,000, higher than which they could not go, until Archimedes thought of adding the letter M to any other number to multiply it by 10,000; and further of putting the squares, cubes, or other powers of a lesser number to indicate a number of very great magnitude. His method was still further improved by Appollonius, who, about two centuries before Christ, so perfected the Greek notation, as to have apparently reached within a single step of the Indian notation, which, however, he was not fortunate enough to discover.

The Roman numerals are familiar to every one, as they are still used very frequently for dates, inscriptions, &c. The capital letters I, V, X, L, C, D, and M, signify respectively the numbers 1, 5, 10, 50, 100, 500, and 1,000; but if the reader substitutes the Roman for the common numerals in any lengthy questions of multiplication or division, he will find the operation both tedious and troublesome; while, of course, the higher arithmetic of decimals and logarithms would be altogether impossible.

It is a remarkable circumstance that the denary, or decimal system of numbers, although not the result of man's learning or forethought, is nevertheless, according to the admission of mathematicians, at least the next best that could be adopted. We say this because when ten was judged by the Creator as the suitable number of fingers for the hand of man, it does not

Germany. He was the first Frenchman who ascended the papal chair. He was, undoubtedly, the most learned man in Europe in his time; and his enemies attributed his learning, as well as his elevation to the pontificacy, to the practice of magic.

follow that it should be equally suitable for the calculations of science, which was to be man's own creation—the work of his own proper intelligence—yet even for this purpose it is admitted to be also admirably adapted.

And it is also a curious circumstance, that we are indebted to some nameless sage, perhaps of Central Asia, for a system of notation infinitely more perfect than any which the philosophers of ancient Greece and Rome were able to devise—for one, in fact, to which is due all the perfection to which modern analytical science has arrived at.

MASTERS OF MANY LANGUAGES.

WE feel naturally a greater attraction to a man who understands many languages than we do to great chemists, botanists, physiologists, metaphysicians, or the like. The latter may demand our respect for great attainments, or great services, still we are drawn by a certain wonder, love, and longing to the eminent linguist. For he speaks to us and to many men, uttering languages to us unknown—he thus forms a living link between beings of the same form, but dissimilar speech—he, in fact, for a moment, and very partially, effaces the results of the presumption of Babel, and makes us think of the happy time, of which we are certified not less by science than by Scripture, when all the world was of one language and one speech. And a memory of happiness is sure to awaken feelings of kindness, if not gratitude, to him who is the occasion of it.

Chief amongst the celebrated names of antiquity we find that of Mithridates, king of Pontus, and enemy of Rome. His name is familiar to every schoolboy who has dipped a little in the Latin writers. His empire comprised, according to some writers, twenty-two—according to others, twenty-five different nations; it is asserted that he was perfectly acquainted with the languages spoken by these peoples. Ancient writers assert that he never needed to employ an interpreter in conversation with his subjects, though speaking tongues so dissimilar. The famous Cleopatra is likewise stated to have spoken with ambassadors from several lands, in their own languages. It is not asserted, however, that she at all equalled the great king of Pontus in a knowledge of languages, as certainly it could not be expected, than any lady could at all peer his tremendous capacity for eating and drinking!

In the middle ages there occasionally shone men renowned for their knowledge of languages; the dispersion of the Greeks, the intrusion of the Moors into Spain, the Crusades—all such movements, which cast intellectual men into contact with new peoples, naturally led rapidly to the increase of their knowledge of languages. Roderigo Ximenes, Archbishop of Toledo, in the thirteenth century, is stated to have preached to congregations of Romans, Germans, French, English, Navarrese, and Spanish, addressing

each in their native tongue. So, also, many more scholars of those times are mentioned as well acquainted with several languages, capable of writing them with precision, and speaking them with correct accent.

In the reign of Suleyman, the Magnificent, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, there lived a linguist of some celebrity, named Genus Bey. His history was a curious one; his father was a poor fisherman in sunny Corfu, and his son used occasionally to bear him company upon the blue waters, which gave him his harvest. On such an occasion as this, it happened that they perceived a suspicious barque bearing down upon them. They, at first, thought not but that it would pass by. But, it was not to be. The next scene was, the boy a prisoner on the pirate's deck, sailing away for the slave-mart of Constantinople—the father, where was he? Such events were not uncommon then. A century after, Baltimore, on the south coast of Ireland, was sacked by the crews of two Algerine galleys. All its inhabitants, who had escaped massacre, and seemed suitable to slave-work, were borne off.

O, some must tug the galley's oar, and some must tend the steed—

This boy will bear a Scheik's cibouk, and that, a bey's jerreed.

O, some are for the arsenals, by beauteous Dardanelles;

And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.

Genus Bey, the lad of Corfu, was sold at Constantinople. His masters took him to Egypt, Syria, and other places, east and west, so that opportunity being afforded to his linguistic talents, he soon became a proficient in a considerable number of languages. His fame became noised abroad, and, in a short time, reached the ears of the sultan himself. This imperial personage sent for him, and finding that his celebrity was based on good grounds, promoted him to be first dragoman, or interpreter, and a pasha. "He was," writes an old French writer, "the first man of his day, for speaking divers sorts of languages, and of the happiest memory under the heavens." For it appears that he "knew perfectly no fewer than sixteen languages, videlicet: Greek, both ancient and modern, Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Moorish, Tartar, Armenian, Russian, Hungarian, Polish, Italian, Spanish, German, and French." So much for Genus Bey and his acquirements.

The orientals of the sea-ports have a facility, as well as an opportunity, for learning languages. The donkey drivers of Cairo, little boys, will be heard, according to an English traveller, "shouting three or four European dialects, with an accent as good as his own." Chief among the Easterns, however, are the Armenians, whose active intellects, and linguistic tastes, elevate them above all the other races. The Armenian Mechitarist order have been named the Benedictines of the east. This is sufficient to show how distinguished they must have been, and are, in learning and literature; in acquiring knowledge, and sharing it with the world.

In connection with linguistic attainments, the name of Pico de Mirandula, or more correctly, Giovanni Pico della Mirandola, naturally recurs to

the memory. He was an Italian, son of a duke of the same name, and born in 1463. He was an extraordinary person in every way. Before he was ten years old he delivered lectures in civil and canon law—and lectures which were worthy of admiration. He turned his mind early to the acquisition of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic. Before he was twenty he knew twenty-two languages, and spoke a large number of them with ease and correctness. His memory was one of great tenacity. It is stated of him, that after having read any work presented to him, he could repeat the author's words by heart, and even recite them backwards! This certainly is a strong statement, and no doubt much exaggerated, but it is sufficient to show that he was one whose real qualities were so extraordinary, that almost anything would be credited about him. He died at the age of thirty-one.

Fernando di Cordova was a Spaniard, who lived about the same time as Pico, and who was worthy to be accounted his rival. He had finished his studies in grammar and rhetoric at the early age of ten. Soon he became conversant with Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Arabic, and many of the European languages. He was a universal genius (as was his Italian rival), being well acquainted with theology as with medicine, law as with mathematics. He excelled in all manly arts, including that of fencing. Such was his fame, that his feats were looked upon by some as the result of no mortal strength. An old English writer says—

“A young man have I seen,
At twenty years, so skilled
That every art he knew, and all
In all degrees excelled!
Whatever yet was writ,
He vaunted to pronounce,
(Like a young Antichrist) if he
Did read the same but once.”

He could recite, it is said, the whole of the Bible by heart. One fact, showing great powers of memory, is related by Cardinal Wiseman concerning the Italian, Father de Rossi, a very learned oriental scholar, who died in 1824. The anecdote was told to Dr. Wiseman by persons who heard the feat done. De Rossi was with some friends, and without any preparation on his part, it was proposed that they should choose a line out of any part of any of the four Italian poets, Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, or Ariosto. This being done, De Rossi at once recited the hundred lines which followed—and having selected different lines in different books, De Rossi was able still to “cap” them with the hundred lines which followed. Naturally their astonishment was great. But what was it, when, after selecting a line at random for the purpose, they heard him recite, line by line backwards, the hundred lines which immediately preceded the chosen line! And this was done several times, also.

Father Lorenzo Hervás-y-Pandura, born in Spain, about the middle

of the last century, belonged to the learned order of the Jesuits, and was one of its great glories. He was a learned general scholar, well acquainted with the sciences of the day. He was also an assiduous and esteemed author; whilst his services to philosophy have been most valuable. He compiled grammars of eighteen of the American languages himself; and with the assistance of other missionaries had the Lord's Prayer translated into three hundred and seven languages. He is held in high esteem by all philological writers.

The idea of having a collection of translations in various languages of the Lord's Prayer appears to have originated with Guillaume Pastel, a visionary but learned Frenchman of the sixteenth century. He was beset by the idea that it was his mission to gather all Christians into one community, and he found that Francis I. was suited to be the head of this, as he was a direct descendant of Sem, son of Noe! J. J. Scaliger, who lived in the same century, was not only remarkable for his linguistic attainments, but also for being able to study at all hours of the night without the need of a lamp. He could read books in the dark, if we are to trust himself, and on the same authority, his father could do the same. He was a very unamiable character, but spoke thirteen languages. His qualifications were summed up by a French writer, in a verse which may be thus translated—

"Scaliger, sun and wonder of our age,
In languages surpassing any sage,
Spoke Greek and Arabic, and was pat in
Italian, Nubian, Syriac, Hebrew, Latin,
He also knew Chaldee and Persian—ne'er man
Surpassed in Spanish, English, French and German!"

Renaudot, a pupil of the Jesuits, but not a priest, though he was wont to wear the ecclesiastical dress, was an eminent oriental scholar, and the first, we believe, who translated the "Arabian Night's Entertainment" into French. He was born in 1646. Nicholas Schmid, a Saxon peasant, who is said to have, shortly before, translated the *Pater Noster* into fifty languages, having become a linguist under rude and repelling circumstances. The name of Adelung, a Pomeranian, born in 1734, is celebrated in connection with the "Mithridates"—a work which gave specimens of an immense number of languages. But, it was not a mere collection of translations; to each language was appended a disquisition on its conformation and character. Klaproth, fifty years after, published a new "Mithridates," supplementing to a certain degree the former. Another celebrated man who lived about the same period, was Peter Simon Pallas. Humboldt, Schlegel, and Bunsen are already sufficiently known to enable us to spare the reader any sketch of their achievements. The Hungarian Korosi Csoma Sandor, or Csoma de Koros, was an enthusiastic and successful scholar of oriental languages.

The "Admirable Crichton"—who has not heard of him? Undoubtedly his name is familiar to thousands who know nothing more concerning him

than what is comprised in the somewhat mysterious epithet with which his name has been associated.

The "Admirable Crichton," then, was a Scot, born in 1561, educated at St. Andrews; but, no doubt, still more so on the continent. All the gifts and graces which denote the profound scholar and accomplished gentleman were his, none surpassed him in fencing, horsemanship, and gymnastic skill; in philosophy, poetry, divinity, and general learning, he was the wonder of his day. At sixteen he spoke ten languages; at twenty, twenty; at twenty-two he passed

Into the land of the great departed,
Into the silent land.

He undertook, in his thesis before the University of Paris, to dispute in any of twelve languages—Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, English, German, Flemish, and Slavonic. Whatever exaggeration may be in the accounts concerning him, this thesis shows that he did not fear the test in many languages.

Our own country had, and still has, some linguists of high repute. In Donegal, in 1669, was born James Junius—who afterwards assumed the name of Toland. His name is associated with Deism, into which he fell; as a linguist, he was conversant with more than ten languages, speaking many of them with great ease. Sir William Jones, an Englishman, who flourished about a hundred years ago, has gained merited renown as an orientalist. In his time, also, a citizen of Dublin, William Marsden, distinguished himself considerably. Dr. Adam Clarke, distinguished among dissenting divines, and one who knew several tongues, was another Irishman, being born at Magherafelt, county Derry. Matching Admirable Crichton was "Donal na Greiné," or Donal "of the Sun;" his universal accomplishments are sung by a bard in Irish. He led the fashions, and shone as host, doctor, peace-maker, head-breaker, swimmer, goal-player, shoemaker, blacksmith, tailor, weaver, potter, glazier, boat-builder, and saddler. So the song asserts, and concludes:—

All airs, pure or garbled, that ever were warbled
By harpers or singers,
He had on his fingers;
Greek, Erse, English, Latin, all these he was pat in,
And what you might term an
O'erwhelmer in German!

Eccentrics very often exist among men who devote themselves pertinaciously to learning. One of the most eccentric of men was the Rev. Dr. Barrett, of Trinity College, Dublin. The anecdotes concerning him are innumerable. It was he who was observed to have had two holes pierced in his door—one smaller than the other. Being asked the reason, he it was who replied, that they were designed to give admission to a cat and her kitten—the little hole was for the kitten, and the large one for the

cat. It never occurred to him that the kitten could go through the large hole! He rarely went beyond the college gate, and when he did so, it was to bank his money, which he used to preserve in a long stocking. But one day being induced to go into the country to dine, he returned full of amazement, and communicated to his friends the surprising discovery he had made—that he had seen mutton sporting in the fields, in the shape of sheep. He was acquainted with a few of the eastern languages.

As great a curiosity was Jones of Carnarvon. "He was," says Roscoe, "a poor Welsh fisher-lad, as ragged as a colt, and as uncouth as any being that has a semblance of humanity. But beneath such an exterior is a mind cultivated not only beyond all reasonable expectation, but beyond all probable conception. In his fishing boat on the coast of Wales, at an age little more than twenty, he has acquired Greek, Hebrew, and Latin; has read the *Iliad*, *Hesiod*, *Theocritus*, &c., studied the refinements of Greek pronunciation, and examined the connection of that language with Hebrew." He acquired also French, Italian, and Chaldee. He was irreclaimable wild, no effort could make him change his habits to his advancement in life. "He loved to lie on his back in the bottom of a ditch. His uncouth appearance, solitary habits, and perhaps weak intellect, made him an object of ridicule and persecution to the children of the district; and he often carried an iron pot on his head to screen him from the stones and clods which they threw at him. He wore a large dirty wrapper, in the pockets and folds of which he stowed his library; and his face, covered with hair, gave him a strangely uncouth appearance; although the mild and abstracted expression of his features took from it much of its otherwise repulsive character."

Elihu Burrit, the celebrated American blacksmith, whose labour at the anvil was his only support, rendered his name illustrious by his unsparing devotion to the acquisition of languages. In the intervals of labour, he acquired not fewer than eighteen. Pritchard, Bowring, Prince Lucien Bonaparte, and Cardinal Wiseman, have, it is well known, distinguished themselves in philology; whilst the famous "Father Prout," (Rev. F. Mahony, Cork), has shown what a witty linguist can do. Of the "Reliques of Father Prout," it is unnecessary to mention more than the name. Every one will understand, who has read them, what idiomatic knowledge of various languages was required to enable the author to produce those translations of our popular songs and ballads in the Latin, French, and Greek.

Many ladies, principally Italians, have been eminent as mistresses of many languages. The Nun of Mexico, Juana Inez de la Cruz, had this as one of her many accomplishments.

But, especial wonders are related about children. A couple of centuries ago, a Venetian, before he was seven years of age, knew Greek and Hebrew, and at the age of eight delivered and sustained a thesis in Rome! That may surprise the reader, but let him reserve some admiration for yet greater feats.

Louis Candiac, (Nismes, 1719,) spoke Latin as well as French, when he was three years of age. Ere he was six, he spoke also Greek and Hebrew,

being acquainted besides, with history, arithmetic, geography, heraldry, &c.! The Lubeck infant prodigy, Heineken, having learned to speak at ten months, knew, says, Feller, all the Pentateuch events when he was one year old! When he was a year and a month old, he knew the facts of the Old Testament; and in another month, had acquired those of the New, as well! When he was two years and six months old, he, being brought before the court of Denmark, was found to be able to speak French and Latin, as well as his native German language, with ease and fluency! Candiac died at seven years old, of water on the brain; Heineken died in his fourth year. There are records of many other children, concerning whom surprising histories are told, but none surpass the last. Baratier, (Anspach, 1721,) published a Hebrew Lexicon, at the age of eleven, having known that language for two years, Greek, for five; whilst, at four years old, he spoke German, French, and Latin. Before his death, at the early age of nineteen, he showed himself possessed of great knowledge in many branches of learning, and made the world the richer of it by various publications.

Cardinal Mezzofanti's is a name which must be regarded as the crowning glory among names of celebrated linguists. Into his history it is, happily, needless to enter: it has been well told by distinguished Irish writers. He was born at Bologna, in 1774. His father was a carpenter. His education was as carefully attended to as it was possible under the circumstances. The young Mezzofanti had the good fortune to meet with a school in which were several members of the suppressed order of the Jesuits, who had been missionaries, and thus had among them the means of imparting to him the rich fruits of their linguistic experience.

Cardinal Mezzofanti was particularly distinguished from the common run of linguists, by the correctness and fluency with which he spoke languages, and even dialects. He not only knew, for instance, the English tongue, and spoke it with the ease of a native, but with Lowland Scotch, and the dialects of Somersetshire, Yorkshire, and Lancashire, he was equally conversant. "I on one occasion," writes an English gentleman, "when going to the Vatican library to visit Mezzofanti, took with me an English family, who were most desirous of being introduced to him. Mezzofanti remonstrated good-humouredly with me for bringing people to see him, as if he were worthy of being visited, but he received our party with his habitual politeness. The gentleman whom I introduced, begged as a favour that he would tell him how many languages he could speak, 'I have heard many different accounts' he said, 'but will you tell me yourself?'"

"After some hesitation, Mezzofanti answered, 'Well, if you must know, I speak forty-five languages.' He then begged us to excuse him, and called one of the librarians to show us the principal curiosities of the library. On our return, we found him seated with a young German artist, who, he told us, was going to Constantinople. 'I am teaching him Turkish before he goes,' he continued, 'and as he speaks modern Greek very well, I use that language as the means of my instruction. I had the

honour of giving some lessons on modern Greek to your poet, Lord Byron, when he was in Bologna."

Byron has written of him thus: "In general I do not draw well with literary men." He then excepts, Scott, Moore, Shelley, and continues, as to others, "I don't remember a man amongst them whom I ever wished to see twice, except, perhaps, Mezzophanti (*sic*) who is a monster of languages, the Briarens of parts of speech, a walking polyglot and more—who ought to have existed at the time of the Tower of Babel as universal interpreter. He is indeed a marvel—unassuming also." He says he tried him in all the tongues in which he knew a single exclamation, "and, egad! he astonished me even to my English."

Mezzofanti's nephew, the Cavaliere Minarelli, after an examination of his relative's papers after death, reported his knowledge of one hundred and fourteen languages and idioms. He spoke nearly the one half of this number with the fluent correctness of an educated native. He died on the 15th of March, 1849. He had been accustomed to write little scraps of verse in the native languages of the students of various nations at Rome, giving them to such as he knew, and he knew many, for he cherished the acquaintanceship of youth. One of those scraps, given to an Irish student, reads as follows:

"May Christ be on your lips and heart!
Show forth by facts, what words impart;
That by sound words and good behaviour
You may lead others to the Saviour."

COLUMBA.

BUSH WEDDING IN AUSTRALIA.

ABOUT noon we started for —, a squatter's homestead, in the centre of New South Wales, where we expected to arrive before sundown. Our party consisted of myself, wife, and infant, with its nurse, another lady and a similar incumbrance. The team was good, and as a tandem ought to be, fast; so we rattled off at a brisk pace, in full glee, having everything all "taut," as the sailors say. For several miles we travelled without incident; but it soon became evident the late rains had done considerable damage to the track we were about to follow. Although the floods were for the most part subsided, yet many places were made dangerous, by the shelving of banks, the cutting away of large pieces of land, leaving deep and craggy fissures, where all before was smooth. With unpleasant reflections, therefore, we approached the M—— river, and when we arrived on its banks our presentiments were fulfilled. The crossing place was no longer visible, and large trees were scattered here and there. The descent to the bed of the river could be managed without much difficulty, by the horses sliding to the bottom of it—this is a mode of progress colonial horses understand very well, when the descent is steep, and the ground is slippery—but in

tandem I never before made such an experiment, and could not conjecture the result, which turned out comical enough. The river itself was like Tommy Moore's song, "The bed was still there, but the waters were gone," which was decidedly all the better for us. The ascent on the opposite side was, to all appearances, impracticable, the bank being almost perpendicular, and about fifteen feet in height. At it we galloped through the deep sand, curving a little to the right, in order to take advantage of as much as remained of the old track. The leader jumped forward like a stag, snapping his traces, and at a bound reached the top, leaving the wheeler stuck fast in the sand. Thus left in the lurch I belaboured the shafter with the double thong, but to no purpose; so that all were compelled to get out, and make their way up the bank, as best they could, I remaining behind, to entice the horse to pull the empty cart. After a great deal of trouble and exertion, I succeeded in mending the traces, removing some fallen trees, and again making a start. There being no further obstacles on the road, we arrived immediately before sundown at our destination, and just as the assembled guests and our hospitable entertainers were thinking of tea, for such is the "bush" fashion. A most substantial repast was laid in the hall, which was the principal room in the house, and about sixty persons sat down to perform their individual parts. Joints of portentous dimensions, and puddings of vast area, were the chief features of interest, always excepting the "bush" family tea-pot, which exceeded in capacity any ordinary kettle. A great many of the ladies were married, and, like my importations, had incumbrances; it might be supposed they were brought as samples for the happy couple, but in reality as a matter of necessity. The babies were all carefully laid on beds in one large room, which was to be appropriated by their mothers; and the harmony of our tea was frequently disturbed by a squeak from the little innocents, which would cause a dispute amongst the mothers as to its identity from sound; generally speaking, the mother recognised her own infant, but in some instances three or four claimed the child as their own—which, although the interruption caused wondrous merriment, clearly showed that the rising generation would not be neglected. Tea having been concluded, it was proposed by some of the younger folk that all should go to a corroborree, which was to take place in the neighbourhood on that night, at about twelve o'clock, one of the Black Gins undertaking to conduct us within view of it. The whole party set out in the dark, through the wild bush, to walk a distance of three miles, to see this wonderful paraphernalia. *En route* to the scene of action we came to the Blacks' encampment, which consisted of about fifty gunyahs, each having a bright fire lighting in front of it, and separate about three or four yards. The glare of light shining upon the ebony visages of the Gins, with their bright red and other coloured blankets, amidst the large forest trees and rustic gunyahs, (which are sleeping places made of the boughs of evergreens,) produced a most striking effect. At first we visited the inhabited gunyahs to see the piccaninnies, as they lay sleeping on the boughs of trees wrapped in their blankets. Then the Gins led us into other gunyahs, which had been prepared for our

reception, from whence, unseen, we could perceive the Blacks, to the number of one hundred, painting and decorating themselves for the performance. A large fire was burning in the midst of them, by the light of which we could plainly see some painting themselves red and white, others putting cockatoo's yellow top knots on their heads, tied by bands of red cloth; the paint was daubed in large patches all over their bodies, which were perfectly naked; and spears, clubs, boomerangs, tomahawks, nutlas, and other weapons were laid hold of by them, when their decorations were completed.

All having thus fully equipped themselves, the king led off, and the others joined in the "war dance," which appeared to be not unlike a lancer quadrille; this they accompanied by yelling and screeching like fiends, shaking and rattling their weapons together, making the most unheard of noises—a superbly picturesque and unearthly sight. We were not, however, left long to enjoy this novelty, for one of the Gins suddenly touched our host on the shoulder, saying, "Tish! tish!" and we quickly caught the distant sound of a coming storm. Immediately preparations were made to return home as speedily as possible, and heedless of stumps, logs, dead boughs of trees, and other impediments, we reached the homestead just as the heavy drops of rain and fitful gusts of wind, with vivid flashes of lightning, convinced us of the fortunate and timely retreat we had made. After partaking of a hearty supper, we retired to refresh ourselves by a few hours' sleep for the coming festivities. The guests being numerous, tents had been erected outside for the reception of the gentlemen, without adopting the necessary precautions against heavy rain, consequently, they were soon dripping inside and out. This inconvenience was much increased, by some of the waggish portion of the young fraternity pulling up the pegs, and loosening the canvass walls, as soon as the inmates had fallen asleep. It was, however, done good humouredly, and received in the same spirit. Long after the morning dawned, all arose to await the arrival of the clergyman, who came at the appointed time. The marriage ceremony was then duly performed, and many a sly joke enjoyed at the expense of the principal performers, not excepting the worthy divine. A magnificent *dejeuner* was spread in the hall for over one hundred persons, who sat down to all the luxuries that love or money could obtain. Many were the toasts and happy sentiments warmly expressed, and received with vigorous applause, whilst the champagne circulated freely, and brought the returning *jeu d'esprit* to the quivering lip, and made the tongue go faster, if not more wisely, than before. After the banquet the happy couple, having robed, started for their new home, in an open barouche, drawn by a pair of high mettled bay horses, and driven by the bridegroom. Away they went in a perfect shower of old white satin slippers, and when fairly out of sight, the whole party set to and pelted the best-man with them. While engaged in this amusement, our attention was suddenly diverted by the cry of "Snake!" One of the children, a boy about two years' old, when playing in the hall, saw something lying on the floor, which he was just in the act of picking up for a whip, when young ———,

a lad about ten years of age, the youngest son of our hosts, perceived it was a snake, and dashing forward with rapidity and valour, snatched the child from certain death. Then shouting "Snake!" attracted us to the spot, where the venomous reptile was quickly despatched. The remainder of the day was spent in quoit-playing, foot-racing, jumping, and other manly sports, which were enlivened by the presence of the ladies. In the evening, the ball came off in the hall, which being a very large handsome room, was decorated with evergreens and artificial flowers for the occasion. Quadrilles, polkas, waltzes, gallops, and lancers, quickly succeeded each other. At first, the piano was patronised by some of the ladies, but an amateur gentleman performer having been enlisted, he remained during the entire night, playing with great taste and precision, until at length, overcome by the spirit of the dance, or some other spirit, he could not retain his seat without being propped on each side by a gentleman, and then he performed to perfection. The intervals between the dances were devoted to songs from some of the gentlemen, and the sport was kept up till daylight with untiring zeal, when "Sir Rodger" closed the fun. Many of the party then busied themselves for a start homewards, without retiring to rest. The rain had entirely disappeared, and the clear blue sky with the cool refreshing breeze of morning, foretold the continuance of such weather as Australia alone can afford. By six o'clock all had taken departure for their respective homes, rejoiced at the happy re-union of a Bush Wedding.

THE TWO AUTUMNS.

Upon the little bridge I stood,
 Between my cottage and the wood,
 While sauntered the blue river by,
 And from the fresh-reaped uplands nigh,
 I saw them bear the sunny corn
 Into the dry old shadowy barn.
 Hark! how the threshing rings!
 Then falls the grain
 Like yellow rain,
 The wind blows off the winnowings;
 And here for a winter they may remain,
 But stored for the future Springs.

I see an autumn in the sky,
 Beneath the course of life rolls by;
 And from the stars the angels gather
 The souls of men for the great Father;
 They bear them to the safe abode,
 The genial harvest-home of God:—

"Joy, joy," the seraphs sing,
As blest and tried
And purified,
The dust falls off each spirit's wing,
And there for a winter they may abide,
For the New world's heavenly Springs.

THE IRISH HIERARCHY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER VI.

ABOUT the close of November, 1645, Rinuccini was received at St. Patrick's gate, Kilkenny, with all the honours due to so high and puissant a personage as the nunzio extraordinary accredited by the Holy See to the confederate catholics of Ireland. The clergy, secular and regular, awaited his coming in and about the city gate, and as soon as he passed under its arch he mounted a richly-caparisoned horse, and proceeded towards the ancient cathedral of St. Canice, escorted by the municipal and military authorities. It was, indeed, a wet and dismal day, the like of which the Italian had never seen in his own bright land, but notwithstanding the rain, that fell in torrents, all Kilkenny was astir, and thousands of the peasantry had gathered within the walls to witness the showy pageant. Four citizens, bare-headed, upheld the shafts of a rich canopy, to protect the nunzio from the rain, and as soon as he came in front of the market cross, the procession halted while a young student, standing on a platform, read a Latin oration, extolling the goodness of Pope Urban VIII., and welcoming his minister to the chief city of the confederates. To this greeting the nunzio replied in the language of the address, thanking the citizens for the cordial reception they had accorded him, landing their devotedness to the holy see, and invoking heaven's blessing on their struggle for religion, king, and country. His words on this occasion, were few, but spoken with all the fervid animation so peculiar to Italians, and in the rich, sonorous cadences which characterise their pronounciation of Latin. As soon as he had concluded, the procession resumed its route, nor did it halt again till it reached the great gate of St. Canice's, where David Rothe, bishop of Ossory, robed in cope and mitre, and surrounded by all the minor officers of his cathedral, some bearing lighted torches, others incense and holy water, stood waiting the arrival of the nunzio. After mutual salutation the bishop handed him the aspersorium and incense, and then they both proceeded to the grand altar, from which, after the prayers prescribed for such occasion had been said, the nunzio gave solemn benediction to the vast multitude that crowded the nave and aisles of the holy edifice. Thus

met for the first time on the threshold and altar-steps of St. Canice's Rothe and Rinuccini, the one a feeble old man, in the seventy-third year of his age, and twenty-seventh of his episcopacy, spent by marvellous literary toil and incredible hardships; and the other, his junior by some twenty years, hale and fresh from his archiepiscopal principality of Fermo, and knowing nothing of persecution for religion's sake, save what he had learnt of it in the lives of the saints, or from the glowing frescos that decorated the walls of Italian churches. Could it have occurred to either of these high dignitaries that they were one day to part irreconcilable opponents, and that the point of divergence for both was to be that very altar at whose foot they now knelt together, thanking God for favours given, and supplicating him to send the spirit of peace and concord into the hearts and councils of the half-emancipated Irish Catholics? Some there were, indeed, witnesses of this function who augured little good could accrue to Ireland from the presence and overbearing influence of the Florentine patrician-prelate at such a crisis in their country's destiny; but there were many who believed that he, and he alone, had the wisdom that could save the people from ruin, and so thoroughly were they convinced of this, that when all was lost, they attributed failure and defeat to the obstinacy of those who slighted his advice and repudiated his policy. The bishop of Ossory, however, far from sharing the sentiments of the latter, entertained views totally different, and lived long enough to see the metropolis of his diocese surrendered to Cromwell, but not long enough, unfortunately, to add to his published works a fair and impartial statement of the causes that brought about such a terrible and irretrievable calamity.

The family from which this prelate descended was one of respectable antiquity in the city of Kilkenny, where they held the position of opulent merchants early in the fifteenth century, and for many generations afterwards. Indeed, it is likely enough that the first of them came to Kilkenny with the first of the Butlers, and established himself there under the protection of that puissant lord; but be that as it may, there is enough evidence to show that his descendants were ever faithful and devoted retainers of the great house of Ormond. David, whose works were destined to elevate and perpetuate the name of his progenitors and kindred, and whose chequered life—extending over so considerable a portion of the first half of the seventeenth century—would be sufficient to interest us without his celebrity as a writer, was born in Kilkenny, in 1572, a year memorable in Irish annals for the stout resistance of the Geraldines in the south, and the de Burgos in the western province, to Perrot, Fitton, and other armed preachers of the Reformation.

David and his brother Edward, sole survivors of eight children, were left orphans when very young; but owing to the thrifty management of their guardians, they were amply provided for on reaching man's estate. Edward devoted himself to commercial pursuits, and David resolved to embrace the ecclesiastical profession. There can be little doubt that the latter received the earliest rudiments of education in his native city; and it is quite certain that he repaired to the college of Douay for the study of

Greek and philosophy. Having distinguished himself there, he removed to Salamanca, where, on attaining canonical age, he was ordained priest, after being promoted to the degree of doctor in civil and canon law, and acquiring a thorough knowledge of the Spanish language. It would appear that he tarried a long time abroad, for, if we may credit a brief notice of him, written by the celebrated John Lynch, he did not return to Ireland till 1610, when he had completed his thirty-eighth year. Long, however, before he set out for home the fame of his prudence and extensive acquirements had reached the ears of Paul V., who, on the suggestion of Maffeo Barberini, appointed him prothonotary-apostolic, vicar-general of Armagh, in the absence of Peter Lombard, then an exile at Rome, and furthermore, empowered him to arbitrate summarily on certain subjects, concerning which the Irish clergy, regular and secular, were then at variance.

Honoured with such signal proofs of the pope's esteem, Rothe reached Kilkenny, just three years after the memorable flight of the earls, the apprehension of whose return with an invading force, gave Sir Arthur Chichester, then lord deputy, so many plausible prettexts for persecuting the catholics, and their dignitaries especially, who were regarded as emissaries sent by Rome to stimulate disloyalty and rebellion in Ireland. How disguised, or from which of the Irish ports Rothe made his way to his native city has not transpired, but, doubtless, he must have been aided by more than ordinarily favourable circumstances in eluding the keen vigilance of the deputy, who knew well that it was a kinsman* of his who had carried off O'Neill and O'Donnell from Lough Swilly, and that he himself stood high in the good graces of Paul V., who had afforded secure asylum to the outlawed earls, when Spain refused to receive them, and the Doge of Venice forbade them to approach the latter city.†

* In a list of the Irish serving "beyond seas," drawn up for the English government, in 1632, we find the following:—"There is also one James Rothe, an alfaros (ensign) of a company amongst the Spanish infantry. He is brother to captain John Rothe, a pensioner in Naples, who carried Tyrone out of Ireland."

† For the following document, translated from the Italian, we are indebted to R. Brown, Esq., who discovered it in the Venetian archives, when calendaring papers illustrative of English history. The churlish illiberality of the Doge was meant to conciliate James I., and contrasts strongly with the cordial welcome which the unfortunate Irish exiles received at the court of pope Paul V.

"Leonardo Doria, by the grace of God, Doge of Venice, etc., to Francesco Contarini, Knight, our ambassador to the sovereign pontiff. Faithful and well-beloved, health and loving greeting. We are advised that the Earl of Tyrone, who hath become contumacious towards the most serene king of England by his flight from Ireland, departed last month from Brussels, intending to pass into Spain and to Rome by way of Italy. And although we opine that he will abstain from entering our state, knowing the good amity and perfect understanding that existeth between his Majesty and our republic; nevertheless, in order that such an embarrassment should not arise, we have come to the resolution to tell you, as we do with the authority of the senate, that upon the arrival of the said earl, at that court (of Rome) or in those parts, you should, with that caution and secrecy which is needful in such a matter, make known to him our said intention that he come not into our state, and that should he come, it will be to

At the period of Rothe's arrival, the see of Ossory was vacant, for Strong, its late bishop, banned and exiled from Ireland for non-conformity, had died in Compostella, and as it were, to heighten the misery of the people thus deprived of a chief pastor, Sir Arthur Chichester, was carrying out the iniquitous policy of James I., hunting down the "papists," enriching himself with their confiscated lands, and scattering, at the sword's point, whenever he found it safe to do so, the congregations assembled for the celebration of Mass. Kilkenny was more than once the scene of these flagrant outrages on the faith of its catholic inhabitants; but, happily for them, the house of Ormond had not yet entirely apostatized, and many of its members still adhered to the ancient religion, and protected its worshippers.

Rothe, we need hardly say, was kindly regarded by lord Mountgarret and Richard* Butler, both sincere catholics, and their interposition enabled him to live in comparative ease, and to discharge, though with greatest circumspection, the onerous duties of his calling. Zealous in the fulfilment of all priestly offices, and labouring earnestly for the spiritual welfare of the faithful of Kilkenny, he, at the same time, was an attentive observer of passing events, and took special care to note down all the atrocities which Chichester, in obedience to the instructions of James I. was perpetrating on the oppressed and plundered catholics. It was in the very year of Rothe's return to Ireland that O'Deveny, bishop of Down and Connor, was committed prisoner to Dublin Castle; and, although the latter was guarded with lynx-eyed vigilance while waiting the mockery of trial, Rothe, nevertheless, contrived to maintain a secret correspondence with him, and to obtain from him some valuable notices which he had written of those Irish archbishops, bishops, priests, and laymen, who were either executed or outlawed during the reign of Elizabeth, on fictitious charges of high treason, but in reality for refusing to take the oath of supremacy. These notices, or, as the bishop of Down styled them, "Index Martyrialis," suggested to Rothe the idea of a grand work on that terrible persecution, and he at once set about compiling it from the fragments which had thus luckily come into his hands, and also from the oral testimony of many then living, who retained distinct recollection of each and every one of those who figured prominently—the persecutor and the persecuted—in that bloody and disgusting drama. While actively engaged on this remarkable undertaking, he received letters from the holy see, commending his zeal and prudence, and constituting him arbitrator between O'Kearney, archbishop of Cashel and Paul Ragget, prior of the Cistercian monastery of Holy Cross, who were at issue on some points of privilege, and had frequently appealed to Rome for the settlement of their pretensions. Rothe, however, reconciled the litigants, and so pleased were Maffeo Barberini and cardinal Veralli, protector of Ireland, with the tact and address he exhibited in dealing with a matter requiring so much moderation and

our displeasure; accompanying the message with such form of words as you shall in your prudence esteem suitable, and of the sequence you shall advise us.—Given at our ducal palace, the 5th January, 6th Indiction, 1607."

* He was brother to James, known afterwards as the great duke of Ormond.

judgment, that they both wrote to congratulate him on the result, signifying at the same time, that Paul V. had been fully informed of his efficiency, and discrimination. It is almost unnecessary to observe, that his conduct on this occasion secured for him at Rome two most powerful patrons, one of whom, (Barberini,) was a distinguished poet and generous patron of literary men, and afterwards ascended the Papal throne as Urban VIII.

This incident, however, at which we have glanced cursorily, must occupy a subordinate place in Rothe's biography, for the grander facts on which his fame rests are those connected with his literary achievements, which won for him the respect of the most erudite of his protestant contemporaries, and still entitle him to the admiration of those who appreciate profound learning and extensive research in the domain of Irish history.

We have already alluded to the work which he projected with a view to perpetuate the names of the distinguished men who suffered for religion during Elizabeth's reign ; but it would appear that long before applying himself to that most important undertaking, he had commenced to write an Ecclesiastical History† of Ireland from the first introduction of Christianity down to his own times, taking in all those stirring events in which he himself was destined to figure so conspicuously. That he did not contemplate the publication of this work during his own lifetime is quite certain, for we are informed by one of his most intimate friends, that he devoted fifty years to its compilation, and left it ready for the press some few months before his death. Of its ultimate fate we will have occasion to speak hereafter.

Another work of kindred character to which he gave many of his leisure hours was that which he styled "*Hierographia Sacra Hiberniæ*," or a general ecclesiastical survey of Ireland, commencing with the history of Kilkenny, and comprising notices of Irish saints, cathedrals, shrines, dioceses, places of pilgrimage, anchorets, early seats of learning, holy wells, rural deaneries—in a word, a series of essays on Irish archæology, the great value of which is apparent from the few fragments* that have been preserved through the agency of transcribers. That Rothe did not intend the "*Hierographia*" should be a posthumous production there can be no doubt, for after labouring at it in a desultory manner for nearly twenty-one years, he placed the introductory portion of it in the hands of a Waterford printer, with a view to its publication, but owing probably to the distraction of the times, it was not destined to issue from the press.

Reverting to the remarkable work, which we have already stated, was suggested by O'Deveny's memoranda, and which Rothe published under the title of "*Analecta*" (Collections), and the pseudonym "*T. N. Philadelphus*," the reader should know that he divided it into three parts, each

* Ware notices this work, but says he knows not what became of it.

† Two copies of those fragments still exist—one in the British Museum, and the other, less perfect, in the MS. Library of T. C., Dublin.

of which has a special scope. In the first, he describes the terrible sufferings to which the catholics were subjected during six months of Chichester's deputyship. The second he evidently meant as an exhortation to martyrdom, for it is addressed to those who were either already marked out for that ordeal, or might, perhaps, have to confess their faith in the face of persecution; and the third, and by far the most important part, he devoted to the history and vindication of those distinguished members of the Irish hierarchy, clergy, and laity who suffered for religion on the scaffold, in the dungeon, or in exile during the reign of Elizabeth and that of her successor, James I. There is some difficulty about fixing the exact time when the *two first parts* of the "Analecta" were published; but as Rothe dedicated them to O'Deveny, who was executed in 1611, it is probable that these parts were either going through the press, or had already appeared some time antecedently to the bishop's death. Indeed, there can hardly be any doubt on this subject, for the title to the copy published in 1617 sets forth that it was a *second* edition, enlarged and illustrated with notes; and Ware, whose authority on such matters is unquestionable, says that "it was formerly printed," thus intimating that there must have been another and still earlier issue of the same work. Our motive in dwelling at such length on this particular is to enable the reader to form some idea of the earnestness with which Rothe applied himself to his task, and to show how energetically he laboured at it, in the midst of multiplied dangers and the incessant duties of the priesthood, which, in those evil times, afforded little or no opportunity for the amenities of literature. As for the third part of the "Analecta," which deserves a more special notice, we will have occasion to speak of it hereafter.

Meanwhile, Rothe had the satisfaction of receiving from cardinal Veralli, various letters,* in which the latter signified to him, that the holy see was highly pleased with his conduct as vicar-general of Armagh, and still more so, if possible, with the prudence and zeal he exhibited as prothonotary-apostolic in his own native diocese, where, owing to his firmness and moderation, the clergy, secular and regular, worked together in harmony, and renounced those mutual rivalries and pretensions which had hitherto been productive of many lamentable results. Constant and indefatigable in the discharge of all sacred duties, and always acting with gravest circumspection, it was his good fortune to elude the toils which were spread for him by the spies and delators of the lord deputy; and, in justice to the latter, it must be granted that he did not deem it politic to offend such powerful and influential personages as Mountgarret and Richard Butler, by laying violent hands on their *protégée*.

Towards the close of 1615, Chichester was recalled, and the king appointed as his successor Oliver St. John, subsequently viscount Grandison, who had special charge to enforce the oath of supremacy and attendance of "Recusants" in the protestant churches, under pain of imprisonment or heavy fines. Chichester, it is true, had already been instrumental in carrying out

* Lynch says these were written in 1613.

similar instructions, but being mainly intent on enriching himself by confiscations, he was less fanatical than his successor, who, some days before his installation, declared in the hearing of many, that in the course of a few years he would not leave a single "papist" in Ireland. Doubtless he meant what he said, for within six months after his accession to office, the prisons of Dublin and those of the provincial towns were overcrowded with catholics, who either refused to swear the oath of supremacy, or were too poor to pay the fine which was levied on all those who absented themselves from the protestant service. As it is not our province to enter into a detail of the hardships which the catholics had to bear during Oliver St. John's deputyship, we will merely observe that that personage was not exceeded by any of his predecessors in bigotry, intolerance, and utter disregard of all forms of justice. Rothe, it would appear, had the manliness to protest against the iniquitous conduct of his agents in Kilkenny, where the craftsman was often obliged to *forsake his work to escape the collectors of the non-attendance fine*, and where a crowd could rarely assemble to extinguish the fires, which, it seems, were then of frequent occurrence in that city, without having their charitable labours interrupted by the gatherers of the odious impost.* Finding, however, that his remonstrance was of no avail, Rothe published (in English and Spanish) a lengthened statement of the deputy's cruel oppressions and implacable hostility to the Irish catholics, in the hope, we may presume, of enlisting the sympathy of their English co-religionists, or what was of greater moment, the merciful interposition of Spain or some other catholic continental power. We will not venture to assert that king James was at all influenced by this bold denunciation of his deputy, but it is certain that the latter received fresh instructions, in which he was charged to deal more leniently with the poorer orders of the "papists," and to reserve all his higher powers for the extirpation, if possible, of their bishops and other dignitaries. The king, indeed, was constantly haunted by the dread of an Irish insurrection, which might be aided from abroad, and this show of affected clemency was probably suggested by that apprehension. The deputy was well aware of his master's motives, and he consequently pursued the line of conduct which he knew would be sure to please him. Thenceforth the oath of supremacy was not so generally demanded of the "Recusants," the poorer classes of whom were treated with indifference or forbearance. The fines for non-compliance with the act of conformity were not so frequently levied, and the Mass-houses, as they were contemptuously styled, were seldom visited by those impious ruffians, who, in their affected zeal, deemed it nowise dishonest to pillage an altar, or to slay, if they were so minded, the worshippers who knelt in its presence. This clemency, however, was not extended to popish bishops and other dignitaries of the Church; and as Rothe belonged to the latter category, and had incurred the deputy's† marked displeasure,

* At pp. 240—1 of the Third Part of the *Analecta* will be found curious notices of the state of things glanced at in the text.

† Rothe remarks that he came to Ireland a beggar, and left it enormously rich.

his friends counselled him to remove to France till some new phase in European politics might induce the king to deal more favourably with the Irish catholics.

It is not in our power to fix the exact time of Rothe's departure from Ireland; but it would appear that he was in Paris towards the close of 1617, and that he brought with him those unfinished works at which he had been labouring so long and indefatigably, with a view of continuing them in his tranquil retirement. On reaching the French capital, where he was hospitably entertained by a wealthy citizen, named Escalopier, famous for his kindness to persecuted Irish ecclesiastics, he was induced to preach the panegyric of St. Brigid, and so eloquently and learnedly did he acquit himself, that his generous patron requested him to give a Latin version of the discourse, enlarged and amply annotated. To this he willingly consented; but as he was actively engaged in completing the third part of the "*Analecta*," the former work did not appear till after Escalopier's death, when he dedicated it to his sons, Raymond and Balthazar, as a grateful tribute to the memory of their father.*

In the same city he met a kindred spirit, Messingham, rector of the Irish college, who was then compiling the work known as "*Florilegium Insulæ Sanctorum*," or *Garland of Irish Saints*; and, at the request of that author, he contributed the dissertation "*de Nominibus Hiberniæ*," to prove that Ireland was called *Scotia*, and the Irish *Scoti*, or Scots, from the fourth to the thirteenth century. To his learned liberality, Messingham was also indebted for the *Elucidations* to Jocelin's "*Life of St. Patrick*," which were also inserted in the *Florilegium*, and gracefully acknowledged by the editor, who tells us that Rothe "was thoroughly familiar with every department of knowledge, an eloquent orator, acute reasoner, profound theologian, sharp reprover of vice, defender of ecclesiastical liberty, vindicator of his country's rights, and faithful exponent of her terrible calamities."†

While thus engaged earning for himself a celebrity that raised him so far above the level of his Irish contemporaries—a celebrity, indeed, which was destined to be the reverse of ephemeral—Paul V., at the instance of cardinal Veralli, and in consideration of the eminent services he had rendered to religion as a missionary priest and cultivator of literature, resolved to promote him to the vacant see of Ossory. The pope's announcement was made in a consistory held in October, 1618, and in the course of a few months afterwards Rothe was duly consecrated at Paris, just as he had entered on the forty-sixth year of his age.‡

There can hardly be any doubt that he returned to Ireland immediately

* It was published at Paris, 1620, under the following title, "*Brigida Thaumaturga, sive dissertatio partim Encomiastica, partim etiam Archaica ex sacra et antiqua historia ecclesiastica; partim etiam parennetica ad alumnos collegiorum.*"

† *Florilegium*, p. 87, published 1624.

‡ *V. Hib. Dom. Supplement*, p. 869. De Burgo says Rothe was only forty-five years of age at this period, but this is a trifling error, for he was born in 1572.

after his elevation to the episcopacy, for, if we may rely on a memorandum* of the "popish clergy," which was presented to the government in 1618, Rothe was then in Kilkeenny, in his capacity of "titular bishop," often staying with his brother Edward, in the well-known house at Wolf's Arch, and occasionally with Lord Mountgarret, in that nobleman's mansion at Balline. Friends and protectors he had many, but it is quite apparent that the Irish executive kept strict watch on his movements, and was well aware of his haunts and harbourers.

The dignity, too, to which he was so deservedly raised, exposed him to greater risks than any he could have encountered while acting as a simple missionary priest, and discharging the duties of vicar-general of Armagh, but his prudence and circumspection, to say nothing of the patronage of the catholic members of the house of Ormond, enabled him to live in comparative tranquillity, and to perform, unostentatiously, it is true, the various functions of his episcopal office. In fact, we may regard him as filling at the same time two bishoprics; for, along with his own see of Ossory, he had also to govern that of Armagh, in the capacity of vice-primate to Peter Lombard, then living in exile at Rome. In managing the affairs of the primatial see, however, he was efficiently aided by Balthazar Delahyde, whom he appointed vicar-general, and, notwithstanding the compulsory absence of the learned Lombard, so often denounced by the English cabinet, the persecuted and plundered catholics of Ulster were taught to cling with unchanging fidelity to the creed of their fore-fathers. Within the limits of his own immediate jurisdiction Rothe exerted himself unsparingly, correcting abuses prevalent among clergy and laity, exhorting the former to prove themselves men of zeal and learning, fit to guide their flocks by word and example; and visiting with condign punishment the few of the latter, who, through apprehension of loss or love of gain had fallen away from the faith, and died in apostasy and final impenitence. To such he not only interdicted the rites of Christian sepulture, but even interment in the cemeteries of his diocese, in order that the wavering and dissolute might have timely warning, and be inspired with a salutary dread of an unhallowed grave, for whose tenant it would be impiety to shed a tear or say a prayer.†

* The document to which we have referred, and to which Archbishop Ussher assigns the date 1618, is in the library of T.C.D., (p. 111, S.) and runs thus:—*"In primis one David Rothe, titular bishop of Ossory, keepeth for the most part with his brother Edward Rothe, merchant, when he is in the cittie, and when he is abroad with the lord Mountgarret, at Balline."*

† More than one allusion to this subject will be found in the preface, to Third Part of the *Analecta*, and the subjoined document, issued many years after the publication of that work, shows how an Irish catholic bishop dealt with the remains of one who lived and died in apostasy:—

"The Body of Francis Talbot, who dyed an obstinate Heretick, and finally therein impenitent, is to be Buried in Poenam Hæreseos & finalis Impenitentia nee non in terrorem aliorum, with only one candle at the grave, at nine of the clock, without a Bell in the Church, or Street, without Priest, Cross, Book, or Prayer; the Place of his Burial is to be in the ale, (avenue) of St. Mary's Church-yard, nearest to the Garden of the Parsonage: All which concerning the said

In the midst of the multiplied cares and responsibilities which had now devolved on him, Rothe, far from discontinuing his literary labours, toiled, it would seem, still more energetically and rapidly at his favourite pursuit, so much so, that in the course of two years after his installation, he had the satisfaction of completing three volumes, all of which prove that he was a man of singular industry and great critical acumen.

In 1619 he gave to the world the third part* of the *Analecta*, and in designating this the most important of Rothe's published works, we do not exaggerate its value, for, indeed, nothing could be more painfully circumstantial or historically accurate than the memoirs it contains of Creagh, archbishop of Armagh, O'Hurly, archbishop of Cashel, O'Hirlathy, bishop of Ross, and O'Deveny, of Down and Connor, all of whom, with one exception, were put to death for religion. The importance of this production was, if possible, heightened by the appendix he added to it, under the title of "*Diasphendon Hiberniæ*," or, in other words, the Dismemberment of Ireland, in which he likens the condition of the Irish catholic church to that of a human body, bound between two trees, brought forcibly in contact, and rent assunder by their violent resilience. This strange title was suggested by a passage in Livius Florus, and Rothe employed the figure of the two trees to represent the pressure of the two acts of parliament, respecting the oath of supremacy and liturgical conformity. As we will have occasion to revert to this work, we cannot dismiss this brief notice of it without mentioning that both volumes of the "*Analecta*" were published at the expense of lord Mountgarret.

The volume on St. Brigid, with its exhortation to martyrdom, addressed to Irish students, then in ecclesiastical seminaries, and its strictures on Dempster's misrepresentations, appeared, as we have already stated, at Paris, in 1620; and in the year immediately following, he published, simultaneously at Rouen and Cologne, the work entitled "*Hibernia Resurgens*," or "*Preservative against the bite of the old Serpent*," in which he exposes the fallacies and plagiarisms of Dempster,† the celebrated Scotch philologist, who strove to rob Ireland of her early saints, by making them denizens of his own country. This latter work appeared under the pseudonym of Donatus Roirk.

Having now laid before the reader a list of Rothe's published works, it is necessary to observe that the "*Analecta*," (the third part of it especially,) was impugned, in 1624, by Sir Thomas Ryves, in his book, entitled, "*Regiminis Anglicani Defensio*," and also by Harris, in his "*Writers of*

Burial, we have ordered to be done with the advice of men learned in Divinity; and who shall exceed this manner of the said Francis's Burial is to incur Church censures: No Wax Taper, or Candle, or Torch is to be used."

"NICHOLAUS EPISCOPUS FERNENSIS.

Given at the Fryars Monastery,

the last of December. 1646."—*Old Tracts, T. C. D., Gall. F. F. 72.*

* "*De Processu Martyriali quorundam Fidei Pugilum in Hibernia*," etc., Coloniae, 1619.

† He wrote a martyrology of the Scotch saints, professed philology at Pisa, and died at Bologna, in 1625.

Ireland," both of whom charge Rothe with having misrepresented the characters and motives of those distinguished ecclesiastics and laymen who were put to death in the reign of Elizabeth and James I. Rothe asserts that they were martyrs to their faith, which they sealed with their blood, and Ryves, Harris, and Cox would have it appear that they one and all were executed for high treason. Rothe wrote a reply to Ryves, but, unfortunately, it remained unpublished, and shared the fate of his other manuscripts. Nevertheless, the gratuitous statements of Ryves and Harris are amply refuted in the "Analecta," and more so, if possible, in the *official* documents relating to those victims of intolerance and bigotry which have recently come to light from the State Paper, and other public repositories.

Had Ryves and Harris taken the trouble to look into those historic records, it is possible that neither of them would have been so dishonest as to attempt to justify the slaughter of innocent men, by charging them with treason, of which no tribunal, having the fear of God before its eyes, could have convicted a single one of them. Who, for example, could have been more loyal to queen Elizabeth than the unfortunate Creagh, archbishop of Armagh, or who could have done more to curb the wild impetuosity of Shane O'Neill than he did? In fact, Creagh's letter from his prison in the tower of London, to the lords of the privy council, shows that he regarded Ulster as "a barbarous country," and that he did not hesitate to denounce Shane O'Neill to his face in the cathedral of Armagh, and by doing so incurred the hostility of that proud chieftain, who five days afterwards set fire to the venerable edifice, and burnt it to the ground. Shane's threats could not shake Creagh's allegiance to his "*natural* princess," as he styles queen Elizabeth, nor could the tempting offer "of enjoying more of Ulster commodities than ever did any archbishop there since St. Patrick's time," induce him to sanction Shane's fierce inroads "*on her majesty's heretic subjects of the Pale.*" Archbishop Creagh, in fact, cursed (excommunicated) him in the open field, refused to be the bearer of his letters to the king of Spain, communicated to the deputies Sussex and Sidney all that he could learn of his preparations "for burning, killing, and spoiling the English pale, according to his cursed custom;"* and had finally to get out of Ulster as best he could to escape the terrible consequences of his fidelity to the English crown. And yet this learned prelate, so pious and submissive, who concludes all his appeals to the mercy of the privy council by "wishing her majesty and all the realm as much wealth and prosperity of soul and body as ever had any prince or realm,"† was for no crime of his, but solely for "his hindering the archbishop of Dublin's godly endeavours to promote the reformation,"‡ sent from the castle of Dublin to the tower of London, where, after many years of unparalleled miseries, he died of poison, given him by his keeper. Who can doubt that Creagh might at any moment have advanced himself to honours and wealth had he been dis-

* The foregoing particulars are taken from Creagh's letter to the privy council, under date 1574, Dec. 31.

† Lord deputy Fitzwilliam's letter to Walsingham, 1575, Feb. 14.

‡ The archbishop of Dublin (protestant) was Adam Loftus.

posed to compromise his soul by subscribing the queen's supremacy; or who that has read Rothe's vivid sketch of his sufferings in the foul dungeons * of Dublin castle and London tower, can refuse him the well-earned title of martyr?

Nor does the charge of treason by which Eyves and Harris would justify the execution of O'Hurly, archbishop of Cashel, rest on any other foundation than most gratuitous assertion. Indeed the official correspondence of the chief actors in that revolting tragedy shows he had no political mission from Rome or Spain, and that his death, with all its horrible concomitants, was brought about by Loftus, who could neither win him over to the reformed religion, nor induce him to countenance it. Betrayed by Fleming, baron of Slane, who subsequently figures in a letter† of the deputy Sir William Fitzwilliams to Lord Burghley, as "a person well affected towards her majesty's service," and whose kinsman (of the same name) undertook, in consideration of a bribe from Burghley, to *assassinate* Hugh earl of Tyrone, O'Hurly was flung into the prison of Dublin castle in October, 1583, and detained there till July of the following year, under hard restraint, and deprived of ordinary comforts. The charge on which he was arrested was alleged treason committed in foreign parts, and the Irish crown-lawyers, taking this into consideration, and doubting whether he could be found guilty—the law not stretching in this particular so far as it did in England—resolved, as he had neither lands nor goods, that he should be executed by *martial* law rather than by *any ordinary trial*.‡

Foreseeing what his fate would be if arraigned before such a tribunal, twenty-four burgesses of Dublin availing themselves of a statute§ passed in the reign of Edward IV., memorialized to have him delivered to them on bail, in order that he might have the benefit of the common law, to which, as a civilian, he was fully entitled. But their application was refused, and the lords justices|| wrote to London for instruments of torture wherewith to

* In the letter already referred to, Creagh describes his cell in Dublin castle thus—"A hole where, without candle, there is no light in the world, and with candle (*when I had it*) it was so filled with the smoke thereof (chiefly in summer) that, had there not been a little hole in the next door to draw in breath, with my mouth set upon it, I had been, perhaps, shortly undone. But the two gentlemen who elected me to go out (i.e. escape) with themselves and the said keeper, thought I should be much sooner *undone* in the second lodgings with cold, being thereto towards winter removed, where scant was light as could be, and no fire."—It is to be hoped that Mr. Gilbert in his forthcoming history of the viceroys will throw much light on the prisons of Dublin castle in those penal times, for assuredly no one else is so competent to do it.

† Under date 24th May, 1595. —

‡ Extracts from examinations touching O'Hurly, 8th March, 1583.—S. P. O.

§ "PRIVILEGES OF CITIZENS OF DUBLIN IMPEACHED OF TREASON.

"*Statute 15th Ed. IV., c. 55, A.D. 1475.*

"Citizens of Dublin impeached or appealed of felony or treason—He shall be delivered out of jail upon Mainprise and be admitted to his acquittal or purgation upon the Holy Evangelists by 24 of his neighbours, lawful freemen and residents of the City, to be taken before the Mayor of the said city, and one of the King's Judges."

|| This letter to the privy council is dated Dublin castle, Dec. 10, 1583.

force their victim into a confession of guilt, as the only evidence against him was one Barnewell, who had been with him at Rome, and who had made his peace with the government by renouncing popery, and conforming to the new religion. That O'Hurly could have saved himself by following the same course is quite certain, but he would not. Consequently, the only alternative left him was a revolting death, preceded by agonizing torture, concerning which Adam Loftus and Sir H. Wallop, in their letter* to Sir Francis Walsingham wrote thus—"We made commissions to Mr. Waterhouse and secretary Fenton to put him (O'Hurly) to the torture, such as your honor advised us, which was to toast his feet against the fire with hot boots." This diabolical proceeding was quickly followed by the court-martial, for archbishop Loftus was apprehensive that his victim might escape him on Perrot's accession to the deputyship. In order, therefore, to deprive the prisoner of every chance either of life or of a new trial by ordinary law, he caused him to be put to death just two days before he vacated the office of lord justice, as he himself tells us in his official report, from which we make the following extract:—

"We thought meet, according to our direction, to proceed with him by court-martial, and for our farewell, two days before we delivered over the sword, being the 19th of June, we gave warrant to the knight-marshal, in her majesty's name, to do execution on him (O'Hurly), which accordingly was performed, and thereby the realm well rid of a most pestilent member, who was in an assured expectation of some means to be wrought for his enlargement, if he might have found that favour to have had his time prolonged to the end of our government."†

Assuredly, then, the charge of treason against O'Hurly was not sustained by any reliable evidence, and the very fact of killing him by sentence of court-martial in a country governed by law was nothing short of warfare, in which justice seldom or never has any part. Was not Rothe, therefore, justified in styling him a martyr, nay, and the most distinguished of those singularly great men, whose tribulations, constancy, and triumphs shall live for ever more in the pages he has consecrated to their memories? As to O'Deveny and others, who perished on the scaffold, as Rothe describes, we have incontestible evidence that they were done to death by corrupt judges, perjured witnesses, and jurors designedly impanelled for their destruction. Writers like Sir Thomas Ryves, indeed, never will be wanting to vilify the characters and motives of catholics of every grade, and especially of those who were sacrificed to lawless tyranny and fanaticism; but history will eventually vindicate their fame, and many a document that has lain for ages in the dust of public and private archives will turn up to confute and silence their unscrupulous slanderers. As for the "Analecta," which has led us into this long digression, we may remark, that it had considerable circulation on the continent, and that O'Sullivan, when writing his "Historia Catholica," borrowed largely from its

* Lords justices of Ireland to Sir F. Walsingham, Dublin, March 7, 1583.

† Loftus to Walsingham, Dublin, July 9, 1584.

pages. It is almost superfluous to add that such a work was well calculated to excite the sympathy of foreign catholics for their Irish co-religionists.

Resuming our notices of Rothe's government of the see of Ossory, we may state that, although obliged to act with extremest caution during the latter years of Oliver St. John's deputyship, he, nevertheless gave ample proof of unwearied zeal and great administrative ability. Like most of his contemporary prelates, he was often compelled to hold confirmations in the woods and on the hill-sides, and to celebrate the divine mysteries in the open air or under the roof of a sheeling improvised for the occasion. The people, however, who knelt before that rude altar, or listened to his exhortations in some secluded glen, respected him as much as if he had been addressing them from the pulpit of St. Canice's, for they not only venerated him in his episcopal character, but also for those extraneous endowments which had rendered his name famous among the celebrities of the time. At length, on the accession of lord Falkland, when the enforcement of the penal statutes begun to be somewhat relaxed, he availed himself of such favourable opportunity, to hold frequent synods of his clergy, in which he enacted disciplinary laws for their guidance, and originated an association, the grand object of which was to allay dissensions and unite the entire body of the Irish priesthood, regular and secular, in harmonious action for the preservation of the people and their ancient faith.*

Onerous however and exacting as his episcopal duties must have been, it would appear that he did not abate his application to literature, for he devoted all his leisure to the completion of the "*Hierographia*," and the "*Ecclesiastical History*," of which we have already made mention. Such pursuits naturally involved the additional labour of extensive correspondence with learned men at home and abroad; and it is pleasing to be able to record, that the celebrated Ussher not only communicated with him through the medium of letters, but acknowledged himself indebted to his erudition and research. Rothe recognised the catholicism of genius, and respected it wherever it appeared; so much so, that the protestant archbishop of Armagh, on consulting him either about disputed dates or excerpts which he (Rothe) had made from manuscripts in continental libraries, had no difficulty in obtaining the desired information. Indeed, it is likely enough that Ussher borrowed from him some folios of the "*Hierographia*," and took from that work the verses on St. Livinus, which he has inserted in the "*Sylloge*,"† and gracefully acknowledged thus:—"These elegiac stanzas, glossed by Rosweyd, were communicated to me by Rothe, a most diligent investigator of his country's antiquities." The same kindly relations were maintained by those singularly eminent men while Ussher was engaged on his "*Primordia*,"‡ in which he elegantly compliments Rothe, from whose works, published and unpublished, as he tells us, he had derived very great assistance.§ How creditable to him were such encomiums,

* Messingham, p. 87.

† Published in 1632.

‡ Published in 1639.

§ "*Cujus tum libris publice (sed celato nomine) editis, tum scriptis privatis transmissis non parum me adjutum fuisse lubens agnosco.*"—Primord, p. 737.

at such a time and from such a man as Ussher, whose writings shall evermore command the homage of those who respect great genius and learning of the most extensive order!

While engaged on such congenial pursuits, it would appear that Rothe had to interpose his episcopal authority in deciding some unseemly disputes between the regular and secular clergy, who were once again at issue about their respective privileges, and for the final settlement of which he was obliged to invoke the aid of Maurice Ultan, provincial of the Franciscans, whose name figures in the authentication prefixed to the autograph copy of the Four Masters. Ultan, as became him, acquiesced in the bishop's arbitration, and gave a written promise that there should not be a repetition of the abuse laid to the charge of some overbold members of his order, the chief of whom he relegated to Spain to do penance for his error.* It is almost superfluous to state, that Rothe was present in the synod convened by Fleming, archbishop of Dublin, at Tyrcroghir (in 1635), and also in the still more important one held in the metropolis of his own diocese, in 1640. On both of these momentous occasions he took a leading part, for he was justly regarded as the most learned of the Irish prelacy, and foremost among those who had done the greatest services to religion and country.

In the year immediately following, known as that of the great Irish rebellion, Rothe exerted all his influence to prevent the effusion of blood and aggression on the lives and properties of protestants, many of whom found refuge from violence in the house of his brother, then one of the wealthiest merchants in Kilkenny. When, however, the Irish prelates and lay lords commenced to organize the Confederation, Rothe made a conspicuous figure in all their earliest deliberations, which were held under his own roof, where he entertained the prelates while they were debating the question of the justness of a sanguinary struggle for religion, life, and loyalty. This question, it would appear, had its opponents as well as advocates among the bishops; but when it was submitted to Rothe for his decision, he at once declared that a war undertaken for the king, the abolition of penal enactments, and restitution of the churches to the catholics was according to all recognised laws, not only just but obligatory in the eyes of God and man. This pronouncement, from one whose age, learning, and wisdom entitled him to be regarded as an irrefragable authority, removed all doubt from the minds of the dissentient few, and caused them to subscribe the opinion of the majority. The revolution thus suddenly effected raised him to the rank of spiritual peer, and as such he took his place in the upper house of the confederates after they had established their parliament in 1642. At that period† he had reached the seventieth year of his age and twenty-fourth of his episcopacy; and we may readily imagine with what feelings he must

* "Et quemdam e suis religiosis qui ausu temerario confirmationis sacramento aliquos munire aggressus est, in Hispaniam, Davide suadente, ubi habitum recepit, amandavit."—Lynch's MS.

† Rothe's portrait, taken at this period, represents him as a highly intelligent looking old man, with flowing beard and handsome features. The original picture is in the possession of G. Bryan, Esq., Jenkinstown.

have looked back on the long and dreary interval through which he had to pass before attaining a dignity so exalted, and, in all likelihood, never anticipated.

One of the first acts of the confederate government was to acknowledge Rothe's rightful bishop of Ossory, and as such he entered into possession of the see and its temporalities, which had been vacated by Williams, the protestant prelate, who fled on the first outbreak of the insurrection. Strange, however, as it may seem, he could not be induced to take up his abode in the episcopal palace, and it was with reluctance he ultimately consented to exchange his brother's house for that of the Deanery, where, on the 11th October, (1642,) being St. Canice's day, the mayor of the Irishtown was, according to old usage, duly sworn in his presence. The Deanery was thenceforth the place of his constant residence. His next public act was to reconcile or rehabilitate the cathedral of St. Canice for the catholic service, and he accordingly performed this ceremony with great pomp in presence of many prelates and members of the supreme council, foremost among whom were his old friends and protectors, lord Mountgarret and Richard Butler. Sadly, indeed, had that venerable edifice suffered during the intrusion of Bayle—so properly styled by Rothe, "Iconoclastes ganeo,"—drunken iconoclast—who hewed down the altars, smashed the sculptured images, and made away with the gold and silver utensils of the sanctuary. To repair such wanton outrages on objects venerated by religion and art, and to replace the sacred furniture sacrilegiously purloined, was Rothe's most cherished aim, and as soon as he had accomplished it, he caused a fair monument to be erected in St. Mary's chapel, with an inscription,* doubtless composed by him elf, to record the period at which the cathedral was restored to its pristine uses, and to mark the spot in which he hoped—how vainly!—that his bones might one day rest in peace. In connexion with this subject we may not omit to mention, that he introduced a novel regulation respecting those who were to have pastoral charge of St. Canice's parish, for he limited their tenure of office to three, and in no instance allowed it to exceed six months, in order that the people might be properly cared for and the pastors themselves should have ample time for prayerful retirement.†

* DEO. OPT. MAX.
ET. MEMORIE. DAVIDIS
EPISCOPI. OSSORIENSIS. QUI
HANC. ECCLESIAM. CATHEDRALEM
SANCT. CANICI, SACRAM.
PRISTINO. CULTUI. RESTITUIT.
HERESIM. SCHISMAQUE. EXINDE.
EMUNDANS. A.D. 1642.

Ortus cuncta suos repetunt matremque requirunt
Et redit ad nihilum quod fuit ante nihil.

† "Ecclesiæ S. Canici pastores tantum ad trimestre, vel semestre, successive, designabat, ut nova semper cura et zelo ad officium accederent, ac postea sua intervalla haberent quibus spiritui vacarent."—Lynch MS. Phelan, Rothe's immediate successor, was one of those pastors in 1648; and it may interest some

Mainly intent on his episcopal duties, Rothe seldom took part in the political debates of his compeers in the supreme council, but whenever he did, his words fell with great force on all parties, for he was universally respected for his judgment and moderation. His affability, varied learning, and wonderful conversational powers, charmed all who approached him or partook of his frugal board; and so liberal was he of the revenue of his diocese, that he seldom or never was master of a hundred pounds, for he expended all he received in alms to the poor, purchase of altar* requirements for his cathedral, and books, of which he was singularly fond.

As for the clergy who had the happiness of living under such a guide and chief, we might easily fancy that their character was all that could be desired; but fortunately there is no room for conjecture on this point, since we have it on the authority of one who was intimately acquainted with both, that the priests of Ossory—those of Kilkenny especially—were, at the time of the nunzio's arrival, not only zealous and laborious, but models to their confreres throughout Ireland. "Living in community," says Lynch, "they cultivated learning, were remarkable for their piety, and reflected many of the high attributes of their bishop; so much so, that when Rinuccini entered Kilkenny he found there a cathedral properly served by priests who might have been equalled but could not have been excelled by those of his own city of Fermo."[†]

At that time, however, Rothe, as we have stated at the commencement of this paper, was in feeble health and afflicted with all those physical infirmities that usually accompany the decline of a long life spent in the performance of laborious duties and unwearied application to literary pursuits. Withal, his mental vitality, far from being exhausted or impaired, was both vigorous and elastic, and although the nature of his maladies prevented him taking part in the debates of the confederate assembly, his opinions on all controverted issues of policy were invariably heard with respectful attention by the members of both houses, all of whom gave him credit for profound judgment and matured wisdom. Nevertheless, it must be admitted, that he vacillated in his views, and endeavoured to balance himself, as it were, between the two parties into which the confederates resolved themselves soon after Rinuccini's arrival in Ireland. In fact, Rothe not only adopted the policy which that dignitary propounded in the congregation of the clergy at Waterford, in 1646, but threatened to place Kilkenny[‡] and its suburbs under interdict in case the inhabitants should declare themselves satisfied with the articles which lord Ormond granted to the catholics. Two years afterwards, however, Rothe either changed or modified

to know, that his copy of the *Analecta*, with his autograph in English and Irish, is now in the library of T. C., Dublin.

* For a most interesting paper on this subject, by the Rev. and learned J. Graves, v. *Trans. Kilk. Arch. Society*, vol. i., pp. 92—3.

† "*Clerum Kilkennensem instar religiosæ congregationis fecit simul habitare in optima disciplina*," etc., etc.

‡ Cox asserts that he did interdict Kilkenny, but he is in error, for the nunzio, who is far better authority, states, that he merely threatened to do so—*minacciò l'interdetto*."—Nunz. p. 156.

his views and went over to the party of his old friends, lord Mountgarret and Richard Butler. In the meantime his inability to perform episcopal functions became so apparent that the nunzio wrote to Rome, stating that "the aged bishop was so weak as to be hardly able to leave his chamber," and praying that Bartholomew Archer, a native of Kilkenny, then in France, and almoner to the duchess of Orleans, might be appointed coadjutor in the see of Ossory. How this recommendation was received by the holy see we are not informed; but the nunzio wrote again in the course of a few months afterwards to have it superseded. It was, probably, at this period that Rothe wrote a small work entitled, "*Samaritanus præscribens re:edia Hiberniæ*,"* with the view, as may be conjectured, of reconciling the conflicting parties in the confederate assembly; this work, however, did not appear in print, and was destined to share the fate of other and still more valuable evidences of its author's indefatigable industry.

At length, notwithstanding his great age and many infirmities, Rothe contrived to be present at that final and fatal debate in which the supreme council of the confederates rejected the nunzio's policy, and declared for the treaty recently concluded with lord Inchiquin. Exasperated by this futile attempt to effect a fusion of parties so heterogeneous and antagonistic, the nunzio immediately issued sentence of interdict and excommunication against all abettors of said compact, and commanded the censures to be observed in every city and town that presumed to declare for the supreme council. Rothe, however, questioned the nunzio's right to pronounce such censures, and sternly refused to close the doors of his churches in the faces of his people or refuse them the consolations of religion. On learning this, Fleming, archbishop of Dublin, wrote to him that he should cause the censures to be observed, but he continued inexorable and refused to comply. The archbishop's letter was written early in June, (1648,) and in the course of a few days afterwards, the leading members of the supreme council submitted to Rothe seven queries, touching the validity of the excommunication, with a request that he would assemble all the able divines then in Kilkenny, and have their verdict on said propositions or queries returned with all possible speed. To this Rothe willingly consented, and, in August following, he delivered his celebrated Answer in which he proved to the satisfaction of the supreme council that the nunzio's excommunication was null and void. This elaborate document, extending over seven and twenty folio pages, shows that its author was thoroughly master of canon law, intimately acquainted with sacred and secular history, and deeply versed in the science of statecraft. Let us add, that it was the last great effort of his pen, and the consummation of his literary life. It is almost needless to say, that the nunzio was deeply offended by Rothe's conduct in this business of the censures, or that he suggested to the holy see "that the bishop of Ossory should be suspended (*ad libitum pontificis*) from his functions for having refused to observe the interdict, and acted as though

* It is not mentioned by Harris, but Lynch enumerates it among Rothe's unpublished works.

he alone were supreme judge in a matter of such weighty moment.* The pope, however, did not gratify the nunzio's wish, and Rothe retained possession of his see till one more inexorable than either pontiff or emperor deprived him of it.

During the entire of 1649 Rothe was confined to his chamber a prey to excruciating pain, and unable to take any part in the proceedings of the prelates who had adopted his views and placed themselves under his guidance. In such circumstances death, indeed, would have been a welcomed visitation, for those who came to his bedside had little else to speak of save massacres perpetrated in Drogheda and Wexford, the probability that Cromwell would march on Kilkenny, and the certain destruction of a whole kingdom divided against itself. To add to his misery, the plague had already appeared in the city, and on learning this, he arose from his bed, and, his feebleness notwithstanding, took measures for the spiritual and temporal consolation of his flock, among whom he declared he would stay till such time as it might please God to remove him either by Puritan's bullet or the less merciful agency of the pestilence which had already swept away the greater part of the garrison and reduced it to four hundred men.† Even so, the brave heart of the venerable bishop never failed him for a moment at this terrible crisis; for, instead of escaping from the city as he could have done, he caused himself to be carried in a litter from door to door, in order that he might have the satisfaction of ministering with his own hands relief to those who were struck down by the plague. The mysterious shadows of approaching dissolution were already visible on his pale and wasted features; and when the dying beheld him borne along in their midst, or looked up to him from their straw pallets while he was pronouncing the last benediction over them, many and many a one derived consolation from the thought that the pastor would not tarry long behind his flock.

It was on the 22nd March, (1650,) that Cromwell appeared before Kilkenny, and summoned its garrison to surrender. Sir Walter Butler, however, notwithstanding the smallness of the force at his command, resolved that the city should not fall without an effort to maintain it. But despite the heroic resistance which he and his four hundred men offered to the besiegers, he was obliged to capitulate in less than six days. The terms of surrender were negotiated on the 26th March, and Edward Rothe, the bishop's brother, was nominated by Sir Walter Butler one of the four Commissioners appointed to see the treaty duly carried out—he himself (Rothe) remaining a hostage in Cromwell's camp for its fulfilment. Among other stipulations entered into on this occasion, there was one which especially regarded the clergy; for when that subject was mooted to Cromwell, he sent a written answer to Sir Walter Butler, couched in his usual laconic style, but, withal, satisfactory enough, if we consider that he might have dealt as he pleased with the city and its inhabitants. "*As for your clergy (as you call them),*"—so ran Cromwell's reply—"in case you agree to a

* Nunz., p. 376.

† Haverty's Ire'land, p. 535.

surrender they shall march away safely with their goods ; but if they fall otherwise into my hands I believe they know what to expect from me."* Availing himself of this saving clause the bishop left the city on the 28th, with the remnant of the brave garrison ; but he had not gone more than half a mile outside the walls when his carriage was set upon by some stragglers of Cromwell's army, who arrested† and robbed him on the spot of one hundred pounds, all that he possessed. Intelligence of his capture was immediately conveyed to Cromwell, and in justice to the latter it must be told, that he gave permission to have him brought back to the city, and handed over‡ to his kinsfolk who were then, we may suppose, residing in the family mansion in Wolf's Arch. There, surrounded by his sorrowing friends, he lingered slowly till the 20th of April, when, after receiving all the comforts of religion, he resigned his soul to God. Strange as it may seem, when we reflect on what must have been the state of Kilkenny at that period, it is, nevertheless, certain that Cromwell allowed the obsequies of the deceased bishop to be performed without constraint or interruption ; for Lynch tells us, that he was waked by torchlight, and that his remains were deposited in the family vault in St. Mary's church, after the last offices had been duly solemnised by his friends.§ Indeed, the lat-

* Thorpe Papers, 1650.

† At page xxvii of Rev. Dr. Moran's Introduction to his excellent Memoir of Most Rev. Dr. Plunket, there is a passage of a letter written by Fleming, archbishop of Dublin, in which it is asserted, that Rothe was cast into a loathsome dungeon, and died there after a *prolonged* martyrdom. This statement, however, does not appear satisfactory, for it is contradicted by the more circumstantial account which Lynch has left us of the bishop's last moments. The archbishop, doubtless, related what he heard, but it must be borne in mind, that at the time when Kilkenny capitulated, he was cooped up in Galway, and cut off from all means of obtaining sure intelligence of events occurring so far away from him. It must be admitted also, that the Irish, like every other persecuted people, have always been prone to overcolour the cruelties of their oppressors, and of Cromwell especially, who, were we to credit *traditional narratives*, destroyed churches, monasteries, and castles in various parts of Ireland where he never set foot, to say nothing of other fabulous atrocities laid to his charge. Edward Rothe, as we have stated, was one of the Commissioners appointed to negotiate the articles of surrender, and it is only natural to suppose that Cromwell, bad as he was, would not treat with needless severity the aged brother of a man who held such a prominent position at the time, and who was sheriff of Kilkenny in 1651, the year after the city was taken. We may also add, that whatever may have been Dr. Rothe's sufferings in the interval between the fall of Kilkenny and his death, they do not, as seems to us, deserve to be called a *prolonged martyrdom*, for at the time of the siege he was seventy-eight years old, worn down by infirmities, and died in less than a month after his arrest. Lynch's account, therefore, written as it was some ten or eleven years after Rothe's decease, appears to be, in every respect, more trustworthy than that of the archbishop, who, as we may suppose, threw off his version of the matter, unconscious of the real facts, and under the influence of terror which the very name of Cromwell inspired at that wretched period of our history.

‡ "Quapropter Cromwello permittente, in urbem ad amicos reductus," etc. — Lynch.

§ "Et in sepulchro quod in B. M. V. ecclesia illi condiderunt tumulatus

ter strove to have him interred in St. Canice's, under the monument which he himself had erected there ;* but owing, probably, to the fact of Axtell's regiment being quartered in the sacred edifice, they were not able to carry out their intentions. Certain it is, that Axtell's soldiers destroyed the sumptuous tomb of the Ormond family, and *spared that of Rothe*, which was, subsequently, treated with less respect by Parry, protestant bishop of Ossory, whose "ill-judged zeal" has been justly censured by Harris, in his notice of that prelate's life.

As for Rothe's unpublished works, comprising the "Hierographia," "Ecclesiastical History," and "Samaritanus præscribens," etc., all of these were either carried off or destroyed by the Cromwellians who pillaged the Deanery. Happily, however, owing to the research and literary zeal of a highly-gifted clergyman† of the established church, a few fragments of the "Hierographia" have been recovered, few, indeed, but more than enough to make us lament that he has not been able to find the missing parts. Perhaps, some more fortunate investigator may, one day, bring those to light, and this wish we would fain accompany with the hope that a skilful hand will yet do justice to Rothe's biography, and supplement the shortcomings of the present writer.

M.

A TALE OF A TELEGRAM.

PART II.

The children were in raptures with the miniature of Clemence. It was a perfect likeness, and I would, indeed, have prized such a portraiture of the faces day by day becoming dearer to me. They had brought me the contents of their money-box, and I had determined to add sufficient for their purpose if I found the little fund inadequate, but to do this without their knowledge, so that the gift should be altogether their own. I brought them down to the carriage, and leaving them in the care of nurse, whom I frequently invited to accompany us in our drives, returned to the painter's studio to arrange the terms, and fix the hours for the children's attendance. M. Lesellier arranged a sitting at noon on the following day, and I took leave. I was still standing on the pavement, and the footman was taking my orders, when an open carriage whirled by with great

est, postquam illi juxta morem catholicorum ab amicis officia persoluta sunt, cereis funebribus in ejus feretro tota nocte quæ exequias ejus præcesserat, hoste potestatem faciente, collucentibus."—Lynch MS.

* "Obicibus enatis quæ viam ad eum monumento inferendum obstruxerunt quod in ecclesia cathedrali sibi erigi curavit, miraculi instar autem habebatur quod hostes magnificum comitum Ormonæ tumulum demoliti, manus violentas ab episcopi monumento coercuerunt."—Ibid.

† The passages to which we allude have been published by Rev. James Graves, Rector of Ennisnag, in his learned History of St. Canice's Cathedral, and also in the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archæological Society, vols. II. and V.

rapidity, and my attention was caught by a smothered exclamation from nurse, which almost resembled a groan. I turned quickly, and saw her fall back, deadly pale and trembling violently. The two children cried out, simultaneously, "Nurse, nurse, what is the matter? did anything hurt you?" I took her hand, which was cold, and begged her to speak, after the effort of a minute, she said, "It is nothing, ma'am, only the slight shock of that carriage passing so near me; I am not very well," and she burst into hysterical tears. Marguerite began to cry; Maud looked frightened. All this was so unlike nurse's staid demeanour and particularly sound health, that I felt very uncomfortable. I dreaded I knew not what—the commencement of an illness, perhaps. She rallied by a great effort; and we returned home. I tried to induce her to allow me to remain with her, but she refused, assuring me she would be better when she had lain down in quietness for a time. The children and I then left her, and, when after two hours I sent Marguerite to enquire for her, she found her at her needlework. She added—

"Nurse does not wish for anything, Miss Armytage, she only asked me whether papa would soon return?"

M. Lesellier's studio was situated on the Boulevard des Italiens; the house formed one corner of one of the most fashionable "passages" in that neighbourhood. In this passage was a very famous "Magasin de variétés," which the children frequented for the purpose of replenishing their desks, work-boxes, and dolls' houses. On the termination of the sitting on the following day, we went into the passage, and to this particular shop. I was ordering some note paper, and the children were looking about them, when a gentleman came in; he advanced to the person who was taking my orders, and said, brusquely, "Is Mrs. Glendinning's parcel ready?"

"*Plait il, monsieur?*" was the inappropriate reply, timidly offered by the young French girl.

"Curse their lingo!" said he, half under his breath, and then adding, "I suppose these children are French too," he glanced at me, and saw, no doubt, unmistakable evidence in my face that I understood him. He took his hat off, and said, "I beg your pardon; may I ask you to put my question in French, I cannot make them understand me. I want a parcel which was to have been ready for Mrs. Glendinning." I immediately complied—he thanked me—the parcel was brought, and with another bow he left the shop. In about a minute we did the same, and saw him purchasing perfumery just opposite. The children's attention being wonderfully attracted by the display in the various windows, we had only reached the top of the passage, when the same gentleman passed us, with a quick military step, and got into an open carriage which awaited him, and which dashed off at unusual speed. Then Maud said, "that is the carriage that frightened nurse yesterday, I know it; and that is the horse which pranced."

The portraits were going on beautifully. I forgot to say that the artist had decided on grouping the figures, and represented Marguerite leaning on Maud's chair and looking upwards, while her sister gazed at her; a selec-

tion of position which gave the best possible effect to the distinct beauty of the two. They enjoyed the hope of surprising Mr. Lydyard, and there was no danger of the surprise being frustrated, as he had been away from home since the day nurse had been so ill, and therefore the secret was safe from their own indiscretion.

Nurse had been out with us frequently, and though I thought her silent and less cheerful than usual, I was happy to perceive her health had not suffered from the shock, be it what it might, which she had undoubtedly received.

At length the great day arrived, and the picture came home. We brought it ourselves, and great was the increase to our pleasure, (I say *our*, for what could they feel unshared by me?) when I found a note from Mr. Lydyard, telling us he would return on the following day. That evening was entirely exceptional—no lessons were learned, and Maud's best powers of composition were bestowed upon a letter, to be prepared for their joint signature, and presented with the painting to their father. I told them the letter must be entirely their own composition, but thereby secured no immunity from constant reference. Many drafts were made, and at length the approved one was fairly copied on a very magnificent sheet of paper, disinterred from among my stores. At length arrived the moment of signature. I stood behind my darlings, and watched the lovely, eager faces, and the strange contrast and harmony of the dark and golden tresses.

Maud took up the pen, which I had made from a quill for this momentous occasion, and wrote her name thus:—

"Sara Maud Lydyard,"

Then Marguerite, in her less decided characters, wrote—

"Marguerite Sara Lydyard."

"I never knew you had two names, my children," I said, when their joyous, "There, Miss Armytage, there, you see it is all done now," permitted me to speak—"I never knew you had the name of Sara—you never use it, Maud?" "No—I am called Maud, after Aunt Hauton, and Mag is called Marguerite because it is her first name." They had each a hand of mine in theirs, and, with the others locked together, were performing a kind of saltatory dance round me, expressive of delight, which was just then interrupted by the entrance of their maid, Louise, to carry them off to bed. I took the letter and the picture to my room, in order to make a gay packet of the two, in French fashion, with blue ribbon; and in the corridor I met nurse, to whom I showed both. When she had expressed her admiration, I said—"I never knew the children were called Sara, till they wrote it just now—that is not an English name?"

"No, ma'am, it is a foreign name."

"Their English names are much prettier. Is it a family name?"

"I do not know, ma'am; master had a fancy for it, because of the family motto, I believe."

Of course, that was the indistinct association with the name in my mind. The words on the seal of the letter in my desk—the words which I

had repeated so often, when I little thought what was to be in my case, in connection with them, was to be peace, and happiness, and affection.

Mr. Lydyard came home the next morning. I heard Lewis and nurse talking while I was dressing, and the former saying that his master meant to go with us to the sea-side, whither, though no particular place had been fixed upon, it was arranged we should proceed in the course of the present month, June.

The children were then with their father. When I joined the party, I found them in the verandah, the children talking eagerly and happily, and Mr. Lydyard looking and listening with that peculiar air of solicitude which I had frequently before observed.

His greeting was, indeed, kind and friendly, and the conversation at breakfast most animated. He told us all about his travels, and talked about our removal to the sea. All this time intelligent glances were passing between the children, and I saw their impatience was great.

At length I put my hand into a covered basket, which stood on the floor at my side, and slipped the parcel which I took out of it into Maud's hands. She ran out into the verandah, followed by Marguerite, laying the parcel before her father as she passed him.

With a slight exclamation of surprise, and smiling, he opened the gaudy knots, and disclosed the purple leather case. I looked up and saw the children stealing back on tip-toe till they stood behind his chair. He read the letter, looked at the picture, turned and caught the children in his arms, and dropped his face upon their necks with a groan of such mortal agony as I have heard but once since then. I started up, saw Maud and Marguerite, their faces white with surprise and terror; felt a momentary impulse to rush to them, remembered that no one should interfere in such a case, whatever it might mean, and at once left the room. I gained my own quite uninterrupted, and sat down to think what did it mean? Why should the children's gift cause their father such intense anguish? for anguish it was. I began to feel a certain subtle sense of mystery around me. There was no connection in my sensations, that did not come till long, long afterwards.

I did not see the children for several hours. I felt afraid of seeing them; I could not tell why. They had been with Mr. Lydyard all day in the library and in the garden. An hour before dinner they ran into my room, laughing and happy. Maud said, "Papa is delighted *now*, Signorina, he was only fretted for a little because he said, 'The picture reminded him of both happiness and sorrow, but that we could not understand it.' He had praised the picture and the letter," they said, "and they were so happy; and all going to the sea, to Dieppe, perhaps, or Boulogne, if Aunt Hutton could come; and it was all delightful."

"When I went into the *salle-à-manger*, the children and their father were there. I looked at him when we had taken our seats. The face was worn and hollow, the eyes were darker, softer, and wearier-looking, the form not so upright, the manner more abstracted. We passed the evening in the usual way. When the children retired, I did the same, and on

entering my room, found nurse there. She asked me some question about the morrow, and then said, 'did master think the picture very like the children, ma'am?'

"I believe so, nurse, but he said nothing to me; I fancy he has some painful association with painting. Did Mrs. Lydyard paint?" I felt the next moment, that I had asked a foolish question, there being no pictures in the house, where, of course, her's would have been carefully preserved. Nurse did not hear the enquiry, however, so it did not matter.

The weather was intensely hot, sultry to a degree, which made me extremely restless, so, that in the middle of the night I arose, and went into the children's room, fearing they might also be wakeful, and suffering from the heat, but they were sleeping as children sleep. I returned, as I had gone, without a light, and lingered for a moment by one of the large windows in my room. It was open, as I had left it, the venetian blinds were down, the sweet scents and sounds of the serene summer night came freshly and softly to me.

My room formed one of the corners of the pile of buildings surrounding the garden, Mr. Lydyard's library adjoining it at right angles. From one of these I now perceived that a light was shining. It was very late; already the chill of approaching dawn, which makes itself felt even in summer, was stealing upon the luxurious warmth of the night; I supposed that, by some unusual neglect, lights had been left burning in the library. Instinctively I touched the spring of the venetian blind, which went up without any noise, and I was just in the act of stepping out upon the verandah when I was arrested by the following occurrence—

The light in the library became more vivid, as some obstruction was removed from before it, and I saw Mr. Lydyard seated at a table, close to the window, and so placed that I could see his face quite distinctly. How haggard that face looked! He wore a shawl dressing-gown, and his shirt was open at the throat—one hand lay clenched on the table. Between his throat and that hand was stretched tightly a gold chain, on which the light fell. The other hand held up close to the lamp, and turned towards me, a picture in a case. I could see that it was the same size as that which the children had given him; but it contained three heads—of that I was certain.

Surprise, distress, deep sympathy, all these feelings held me captive. My sense of propriety told me to retire instantly; my fear of his discovering my presence kept me rooted to the spot, in apprehension of any noise which might attend my stepping back and dropping the blind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]